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CHICAGO SEED

VOL. 6 NO. 10 35¢

WE THE PEOPLE
OF THIS COMMUNITY
CLAIM THIS BLDG. IN ORDER
TO PRESERVE WHAT IS OURS

THE WALL of TRUTH

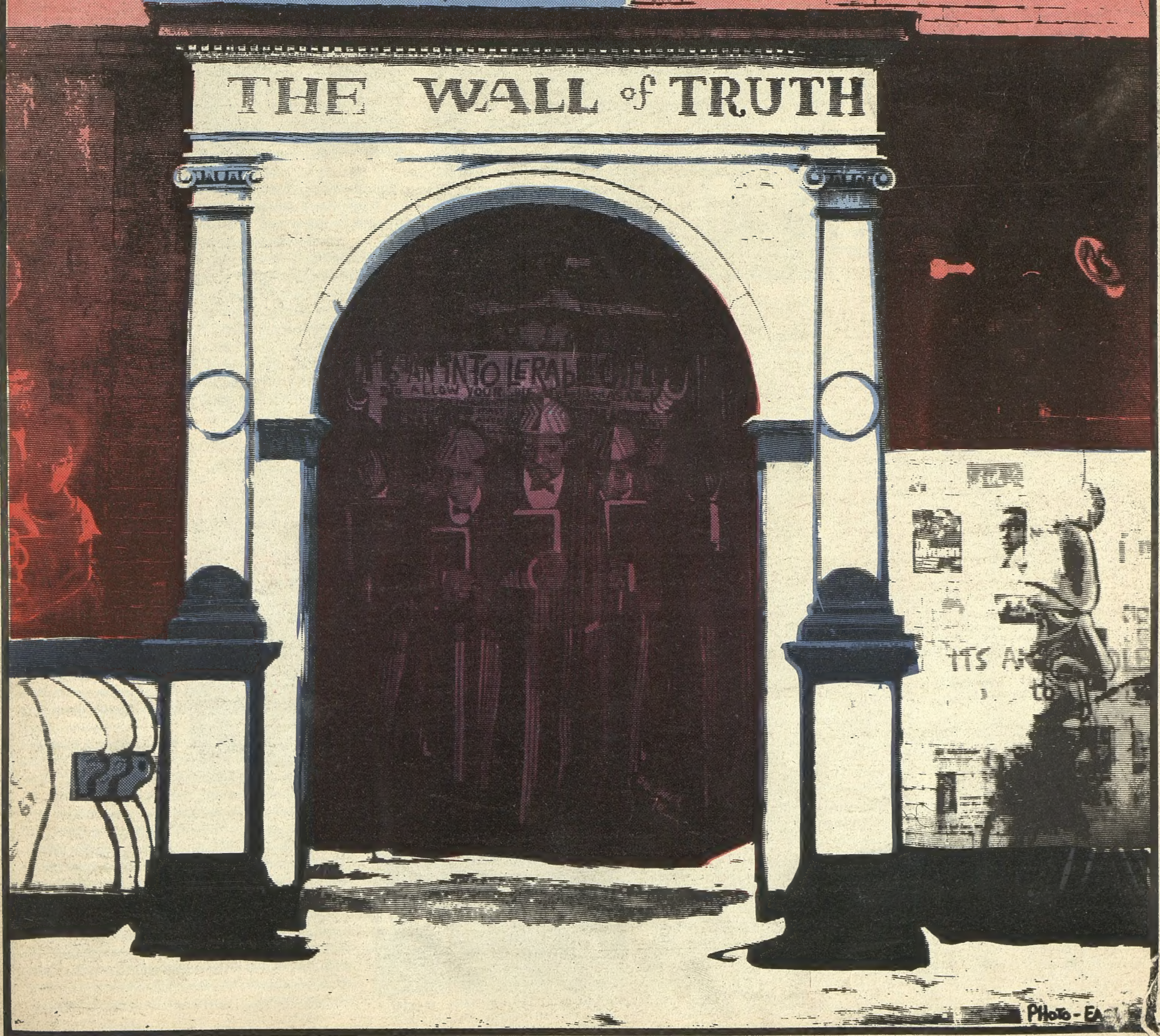
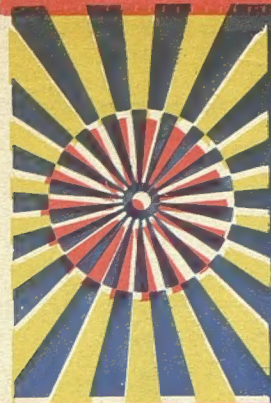


Photo - EA



FREE CITY Sum-Times



WEATHER

It's the first blizzard of Spring. There's no heat in the Seed office, and the lights go out twice while we're putting the issue together. Welcome to Vol. 6, no. 10. Brn

Earlier, warm 70° breezes made us think of the coming season. Some of the things we're looking forward to this Spring are growing together, early May in D.C., opening day ceremonies in Lincoln Park, late night beers, Radio Free Chicago going back on the air, longer days, Shayna getting housebroken, gatherings in the parks and the streets and the beaches. Some of the things we're not looking forward to are the 3-Penny maybe being sold, Head Imports closing, a city ruling outlawing Free People's health centers, a city ordinance prohibiting shouting in the Loop (Seedsellers beware), more stop and search operations as the weather gets warmer, Shayna blowing it.

Whatever happens, you can tell us about it by calling 929-0133, or stopping by at 950 W. Wrightwood. That's 60614, all you zipcode fans.

The Seed could really use donations of money, scalpels, rapidographs, magic markers and flair pens, spray adhesive, a wax machine, thumb tacks, scotch tape, ball point pens, file cabinets, presstype and screens of all types, PMT paper and activator, chairs, bunkbeds, lamps, a truck, typewriters that work, mimeo machine, an adding machine, the adventures of crazy kat, subscription the The Wall St Journal and Fortune Mag., the Anarchist Cookbook, three-inch wrapping tape, large plastic garbage bags, mailing labels, postage stamps, light bulbs, an easy chair and asbestos floor tile.

The cast for this production includes Rich, Earl, Diane, Lynda (op pong the roof), Leon, Maralee, Peter (travelin man), Arthur, Uncle Martin, Mitch, Flora, Becky, Dr. Epod, Ambush, Stein, Virginia, Wanderoo, Pauline, Jeri Lynne, Donovan, MDDA, Pam, feedback, and the streetsellers.

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The SUCCESS STORY of EDWIN SCOGGINS

As Told By

EDWIN SCOGGINS.....page 21 this issue.

FINAL MARKETS: Sunshine Aide

Sunshine Aide, a crisis and referral service, closed Wednesday, March 31, after six and a half months of operations. Several Sunshine Aide staff members put together this explanation for the people who have depended on us and for people who will need to watch out for the problems we found.

Sunshine closed primarily due to lack of money resulting from worsening relationships with the straight community. Donations from our immediate community area—the Southwest Side—were substantial when we began, but we didn't take enough time to maintain good contact with that community. After a few months of operating the center, neighborhood adults discovered that we were around, but they only knew that we were "freaks," and that we had contact with their kids. Some of them worked hard on their own to make sure we stayed around their community, but most of them feared that we would pervert their kids. Of course, we weren't too comfortable with the older straights either: we had our own fears of them. Community donations became practically non-existent. We found ourselves relying on fees from speaking gigs, donations from Syndrome concerts, and money from individual Sunshine Aide staff members.

Our relations with the police weren't bad, considering the experiences of other groups like us and considering our image held by most of the local community. They watched us, and we assumed that our phones were bugged, but they weren't into much direct contact hassling, just the more covert police state things. The center was busted in January. One staff member on duty was charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, two crashers were busted for grass, and our call log was illegally confiscated. (Incidentally, that call log didn't have any last names or phone numbers in it, so no one was busted after the pigs ripped it off.) Maybe that was strong police action, but we had a lot of conversations with the area youth officers and with the district commander and found out that they weren't into destroying us, just trying to keep us honest. We decided that we would have to stop crashing people at the center after that. It was a good idea, because beat cops stopped in late on a couple of nights after that. It wasn't a really friendly relationship, but none of us wanted one.

When we were talking about our community relations hassles, we indicated one of our larger problems: We were always understaffed, and critically understaffed near the end. A lot of that was our own fault. We practiced a subtle elitism that was pretty well hidden to

ourselves, but felt by people who wished to break the circle and step in. It kept a lot of weak people from working with us, but it also distorted our view of the people who we were dealing with on the phone. We weren't the best at following through on people who wanted to work. (Phone rings. Conversation begins and ends. Staff 1: "who was that?" Staff 2: "Just someone trying to get on staff.") Then too it was hard for a lot of potential staff to get out to 4220 W. 59th St. to work. We didn't have enough staff, yes, but some of the reasons were within our control.

When we did our shifts, most of us didn't do very efficient work. We spent a lot of time bullshitting around Sunshine, rapping to each other or playing guitars, but never really building honest relationships. We answered the phones and handled the calls well, but didn't do a lot of other work that had to be done to keep Sunshine alive. We didn't think we should do much janitor work, but really dug the glamour of doing that phone work. We didn't do much to expand or update our resource files and our publicity work was ignored, but we kept on being satisfied by "saving people's head."

Most of the staff members put in enormous amounts of time at Sunshine. Some lived off small savings or borrowed money from friends or their families to put in 60 to 120 hours a week at Sunshine. Others worked 40 hour a week straight gigs and put in 20 to 50 hours a week at Sunshine, too. Looking back, it was an evil way to work. We expected superhumanism from each other. We had drained ourselves by the middle of January. We went to parties, knowing that we deserved to and needed to, but then criticized each other for failing our commitment to Sunshine.

A lot of people saw what was happening and learned that to get back time for their personal lives, they would have to quit Sunshine. Quite a few got apartments on the North Side and found that a four-hour round trip CTA ride to work a 6 to 8 hour shift was hard to take.

There were personality hassles, but nothing that alone would have closed Sunshine. In fact these troubles often were manifestations of our other problems.

Other drug rescue/youth crisis phone services have been operating or are being started in quite a few Chicago and suburban communities. Some are good places to call when you need help. Their existence has made it less disturbing to have to close Sunshine Aide.

The Seed would like to know from readers concerning experiences, good or bad, that they have had with other drug agencies.

LINCOLN AVE. SELLOUT

While many of us are anxiously looking forward to the time when the air will be warm and gentle on our bodies, so that we could spend as much time as possible out on the streets with our sisters and brothers, those of us who live, work, and play around Lincoln Avenue are wondering what's going to be left on the street that's worth relating to.

It seems that a number of small shops and businesses that have been into serving the community for the past couple of years may either close or be sold to pig capitalist speculators before spring turns to summer.

One of those businesses is the Three Penny Cinema. The Three Penny has been into showing flicks in the neighborhood for the past three years. It has shown some really great movies and some not-so-great movies too, but many movies that would not be shown anywhere else in Chicago. These include a number of far-out revolutionary movies—Battle of Algiers, Fidel, Weekend, to name a few. Besides the movies the Three Penny has been into helping some of our collectives and organizations survive by holding benefits for them. Some of these organizations have been Radio Free Chicago, Peace Council, and the United Farm Workers.

Like every business though, the Three Penny has its contradictions. It is owned by a self-



Oscar Brotman, owner of the Amazon Theatre among others, modelling his everyday apparel. Elephant by Cody.

proclaimed revolutionary named John Rossen, who puts out a paper called the New Patriot and is also known as Johnny Appleseed. While he seems to feel some amount of commitment to the neighborhood—and to his so-called revolutionary philosophy—rumors have been circulating up and down Lincoln Avenue that he might agree to sell to a man who is known as the Arthur Rubloff of the movie circuit, Oscar Brotman.

Oscar Brotman now has the Loop, Carnegie, Cinema, Lake Shore and Lincoln Village theaters among his empire, and hopes to add the Three Penny to it. He is definitely not into running a theater which would relate to the community in any positive way.

Rossen says the Three Penny is losing money. He says that he can't afford to put more money into it. When asked if he would actually sell to a person like Brotman he simply asked, "do you know anyone else who wants it?"

Those of us who have been running around the neighborhood are somewhat concerned about what's happening to the street. People are wondering if Rossen's actions will fit his words and if he will actually sell to a character like Brotman. Summer may find a whole lot of angry people around Lincoln Avenue.

—Ambush

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SHITTY
Drizzle, Rain, and
erupting into a real
nasty blizzard Sunday

CHICAGO DAILY TIMES

***FINAL
MARKETS**
100 pages—
only 10 dollars

April 1, 1971

Country protests Manson verdict

ONCE UPON ^{OR} A TIME....

... there was a land called Ork where everyone ate apple pie and loved their moms and their country. It was the best country. It had the best leaders, the best followers, the best hamburgers, the best country clubs, and —above all, the best system of justice the world had ever known.



Ork juriarchs making a decision

There weren't many really "bad" people in Ork, but if someone did step out of line once in a while, people knew that he or she would be judged fairly. By a group of upstanding Orkians called juriarchs, and a presiding judge. And no one ever questioned that the Juriarchs would make the proper decision, based on all the facts. Well, *almost* everyone knew this. Sometimes there were a few people in Ork who would claim that a trial was unfair. These silly dissenters would say that there was no chance of a fair trial because the Juriarchs were prejudiced one way or another before a trial began. ... In fact these dissenters had made quite a hullabaloo in the past around certain trials they called "political." But the majority of good Orkians knew that there was no reason for such clamor, and that the verdict of the Juriarchs was always impartial and just.

Take the case of Charles Son-of-Man and his three clan members, for example, who were sentenced to the gas chamber for killing 7 Orkian citizens. There were even some crazy protests around that trial, which was obviously clear-cut. Most Orkians agreed that Son-of-Man had gotten what he deserved, and that the Juriarchs just wanted to protect society. The Juriarchs knew they were right, too, and had only taken 10 hours to reach a verdict.



Son-of-Man after guilty verdict

And besides, most Orkians felt that Son-of-Man and his clan were evil, anyway, wearing those wierd clothes, smoking all that LSD, and having sexual intercourse with one another all the time. After all, Orkians knew right from wrong.

But then, in another town, some Juriarchs found another man, a Lieutenant Callous, guilty of murdering 22 innocent people in a ditch. Now all good Orkians know that human life is sacred (especially Orkian human life), but Lt. Callous shot and killed foreigners in a time of war (At that time, Ork was helping the rulers of a distant land keep down a civil war). And in time of war, it's o.k. to kill the enemy, isn't it? Some Orkians had heard that women and children were the enemy, too, and sometimes mothers would tie grenades to their babies

and have the babies crawl over and explode in the middle of Orkian troops, killing Orkian soldiers. Other Orkians said that was ridiculous - no mother would do that to her child - but then one never knows with people of a different race. Lt. Callous said that if he had committed a crime, the only crime he committed was a judgement of his values.

People of Ork knew in their hearts that Son-of-Man was an evil person, an irrational person. In fact, his irrationality was an outrage. Callous' defender pointed out that Callous had also been irrational, but that it was understandable. Callous had just lost some of his troops prior to the killing-in-ditch incident and he felt guilty about that. So under this pressure, he acted a bit irrationally.

This seemed to make sense to the people of Ork. After all, Callous was only human. And he was serving his country.

But then, people had started saying some pretty strange things about the country lately, and Callous's role in serving it. Somebody said that Callous was just carrying out orders, and that he was guilty, but not as guilty as his superior officers, and



Callous killing the enemy in a distant land

that the whole lot of them should be tried for this immoral war. Callous' own Defender said the most shocking thing: "This boy is a product of the system that dragged him into the Army, taught him to kill, sent him overseas to kill, ordered him to kill. I think society has to take a large measure of blame for it."

Well, that took the cake! Orkians had always respected the system of justice in their country, but to find Callous guilty of doing his duty, and then blaming all Orkians for killing a few of the enemy was preposterous! After all, war is hell.

Orkians remembered having heard about some trials in a place called Nuremburg to sentence people for war atrocities — and they certainly didn't think the Callous affair was anything similar to *that* — nor should it pave the way for any more such trials in the future, for which all Orkians would suffer! Better stop this whole business right now!

So Orkian citizens got to work to do something about it. One prominent leader in Southern Ork proclaimed an "Orkian Fighting Men's Day." Flags were flown at half mast, or upside down draped with black streamers to mourn the conviction of Callous.

People wrote telegrams:

"Still love you buddy. Am writing the President. Lt. Callous should be knighted."

"You treat our Lt. Callous badly. He stood up and took it like a soldier. Not like Son-of-Man. Which had you rather be?"

"Please save this true and great Orkian patriot, Lt. Callous."

Never before in history have Orkians shown such spirit. Thousands continue to protest the Callous conviction.

"We still believe in the Orkian system of Justice," said one Western Orkian Governor. "But we just can't understand how those Juriarchs could have taken 13 days to come up with such a wrong decision. We'll have to be more careful about that in the future," he added.



Ork patriots protesting Callous sentence

MANSON A VICTIM OF OUR SOCIETY SAY SENATORS, CONGRESSMEN, AND OTHER PROMINANT OFFICIALS

TELEGRAMS POUR IN TO PRESIDENT ASKING FOR CLEMENCY FOR MANSON

Special to the Chicago Daily Times

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 1 —

Angry protests on the Manson verdict swept the nation Tuesday, following the jury's sentencing of Charles Manson to death.

Telegrams poured in right and left to the President, asking that he grant clemency to Manson.

"The verdict is ridiculous," said Republican State Rep Flower of Oklahoma. "If Manson is guilty, then everyone from the President on down is guilty. Manson is only a product of the Amerikkkan society—a society which instills hatred in its people, a society which teaches people that everyone is equal, but some people are less equal than others."

"If Manson has committed a crime, it was only a judgement of values - values instilled in him by this society," said a prominent slumlord in Chicago. "If Manson goes to the gas chamber for murder, then I, too, should hang, for allowing hundreds of helpless children to die of lead poisoning each year because I want to make more money."

"Manson should not be made a sacrificial lamb just because he got things confused," said a well-known west-coast governor, who preferred to remain anonymous. "In our great Amerikan society, we learn that it's alright to hate and kill gooks and niggers. Manson got the hate and kill part right — he just got a little mixed up as to who he was supposed to hate and kill. For that error, he should not be sentenced to death."

The governor ordered flags to be flown at half-mast, and proclaimed Monday as "Manson Day."

Telegrams poured in from all across the country:

"I believe it's the wrong person they've convicted," said a shop clerk in Tacoma, "but how do you convict the federal government?"

"Still love you buddy. Am also writing the President. You should receive a Medal of Honor." — from a butcher in Peoria.

"Right on, Charlie," said a housewife from Pensacola, Fla.

Senator Foolbrick (D-Kansas) said that unless we are willing to go all the way to the White House in seeking to assign blame for any Amerikan social atrocity, there is very little question of going this route and sentencing Manson. "Manson is only being used as a scapegoat for the larger society," he murmured.

The House and Senate in Oklahoma adopted resolutions urging the President to grant clemency.

To date, the President's only comment has been to say, "I wonder where we went wrong. We always gave him the best of everything."

To try and remedy this terrible blunder, the President has invited Manson to come and live in the East Wing of the White House (under guard, of course), until such time as the appeals can be officially made and granted.

It's about the time of year when a lot of us start feeling restless inside—get that old urge to hit the road again. And unless you can get together a bike or a bus and gas money, the usual answer to those stuck-in-Chicago blues is to hitch-hike, and every year more people are doing it. Last Spring's Whole Earth Catalog listed a Hitch-hiker's Handbook, but feedback on that item indicated that the information in it was not very useful—mostly obvious stuff like if you look straight, you get rides easier. Many such generalities can be summed up by remembering that as a hitch-hiker you are still vulnerable to all the hazards of living in Amerika in 1971, only more so. As usual, the Man is your biggest worry; being a hitch-hiker is a sufficient reason for getting busted (whether or not you're breaking any laws is irrelevant). There is some danger of getting ripped off or beaten up (even by people not wearing badges), but most of the non-official harassment you'll encounter is no worse than someone giving the finger or yelling something asinine from a passing car. (Unless you count the passive harassment that happens when you've been stuck in Spencer, Iowa, for three hours and it's dark and it's starting to rain and the bastards just keep driving by. . .) There are also all the specialized forms of repression—women, or course, need to be aware that the highways are overrun with sexual perverts known as Average Amerikan Males (a lot of whom have long hair these days); "underage" persons will be subject to extra police harassment; runaways and other fugitives would be best advised to avoid hitching if possible, or to use false I.D.s; most anywhere you pass through is Honkie Country. . . etc., etc.

On the other hand, it is still possible to travel for thousands of miles with little hassle and less money, meet beautiful people, and pick up good vibes along the way. Basically, what needs to happen is that you get long rides (or lots of short ones) without much time in between. (In my experience, at least, most harassment—police or otherwise—occurs while waiting for rides, not to mention the fact that long waits are often the worst hassle) Doing this depends a good deal on luck, to be sure, but some of the hints that follow may be of help.

There are a few things to keep in mind before starting out. For one thing, who you travel with—a male-female couple seems to be the best combination for getting rides without hassles. A group of more than 3 is almost impossible. Learn how to read road maps—plan routes beforehand, pick up more maps as you go—they're still free at gas stations) and keep checking them. Making a sign saying where you're going can often help a lot—especially at night if you use white cardboard and/or reflecting tape. Another good thing to decide beforehand is to leave your dope at home.

If you can afford it, get bread together for \$25 in traveler's checks to carry along, to use for bribes, bail, or bus fare if you get into a tight spot. Or you can try this: borrow some money, buy traveler's checks, tell Amerikan Express you lost them and get them replaced, cash in the new ones to repay the original loan, and keep the "lost" checks. These are of course, invalid, but you can show them to cops or border guards to prove you're not a vagrant. Don't try to cash them—if you do, you'd better repay Express and have a good story for them.

When you finally decide to hit the road, your first problem will be getting out of Chicago. You can try to hitch from your front door, but that means in-city hitching, and usually results in getting off to a very slow start. Better to find a friend with a car to give you a ride to outside the city limits, or use public transportation to get to the edge of town.

Once you finally hit the cross country circuits, you'll soon have to deal with the special problems posed by the ever-expanding network of limited-access roads which are part of the Interstate Highway System. These are four-(or six-, or eight-) lane divided highways which avoid crosstraffic and intersections by means of over-/under-passes and interchanges. In almost every state, it is strictly illegal to hitch-hike along these roadways; in most cases no pedestrians at all are allowed. There is usually a sign along each on-ramp which lists the things which are prohibited from going beyond the sign. So you can usually hitch if you stand in front of the sign (unless, of course, the city or state you're in has a general law against all hitching). The problem is that the bulk of the traffic will miss you—you're dependent on whatever uses the particular ramp you're standing on—mostly local traffic or people who just happened to stop for services at that exit. Sometimes this amounts to pretty much traffic, and drivers are more likely to see you and stop than the hi-speed cars on the main route, but you can find yourself in a very frustrating situation—stuck on a nearly deserted ramp while hundreds of potential rides pass by just out of reach. You can often avoid such spots by asking your current ride where he's getting off and check it out on a map. If it turns out to be on state Route 44 (which links the interstate to Foss, Okla., pop. 289), you probably should ask to be let out a few exits sooner at a more likely looking spot. Sometimes, though, there's not much you can do about it and you'll end up stuck on a dead ramp. If that happens, you can either wait it out (you always get a ride eventually?), or walk farther along the ramp to where you can be seen from the highway and gamble that you'll get a ride before a pig comes by. Even if you do get spotted in an illegal spot, in most states they'll probably just play their cop games with—give you a lecture and tell you to go back on the ramp. (It's been known to happen that they've even given people rides to better spots. But if that can happen, it's certainly also possible they'd take someone to a worse spot). Or they'll give you a warning ticket, or a regular traffic ticket (which you won't have to pay if you're from out-of-state and don't plan to come back for a while). Of course, they'll check I.D.s and they're likely to search you or radio your name in—all of which should be kept in mind before taking chances.

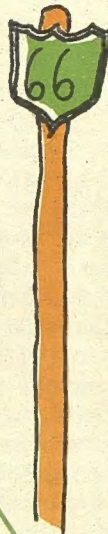
A couple of other situations should be mentioned: one is when you need to get off at an interchange between two interstates—for example, the crossing of I-55 and I-80 near Joliet. There will be long ramps or cloverleaves connecting the two routes, but it's often debatable as to whether hitching is legal along them or not. (Illinois state troopers have, on two separate occasions, told me that is was/was not OK to hitch at the Joliet interchange.) If they do try to bust you, you may be able to explain how you thought it was always OK to hitch on a ramp and you didn't realize that this spot was any different. Also, if the expressway you're traveling on happens to be a toll road, you can usually still hitch at entrances if you stand in front of the toll booth, or you can get off at a rest stop and subtly ask likely looking people as they come through. Actually hitching from the service plazas is possible, but often risky.

There are a number of non-limited access US and state highways that are still fairly well-traveled, altho they're getting rarer as more interstates get built to replace them or draw traffic from them. Route 66 from Dwight south to St. Louis is a good one, as are those that run parallel to the various toll roads. (Even though lots of traffic follows the turnpikes, many people choose the old hiway to save money.) These roads are usually fine to hitch on—except, again, in places that enforce laws against all hitch-hikers. There are often stop signs and lights to slow people down; if you stand a few feet back from the road you can usually find a spot where you are likely to be noticed but not run over. Most of them run through small towns, which it is best to stay on the outside of.

Another special situation is night hitch-hiking. It's somewhat of a bitch—you're harder to see, there's less traffic, people are more reluctant to pick you up, pigs are less reluctant to hassle. If possible find a well-lighted spot and wear or carry something white. There seems to be a significant drop in traffic after midnight; if you're still out by 1am you often might be ahead to find a bridge to crash under or something.

I haven't given much in way of warnings about the people you ride with—probably because I've hitched over 15,000 miles with almost no trouble from people who picked me up. Only once did I feel at all threatened by anyone (obnoxious, yes; but not dangerous). Of course, the only sex-related hassles I've encountered are propositions from gay guys (who don't usually push you if you say you're not interested). There needs to be a whole different article—which I'm obviously not able to do—for women who want to hitch. All I can suggest is to rely on your intuition and first impression before getting in (doing that would have saved me the one bad hassle I did encounter), and to brush up on your self-defense tactics, if you happen to be in that bag.

RULES OF THUMB



So much for general advice; I want to get together a more specific list of laws and practices in various states and cities, good routes to follow, good routes not to follow, etc., for a later article. Right now most of my information is from my own experience (for example, I know the pigs love to bust hitch-hikers in Colorado) and hearsay (I've heard the same is true in Washington), so it is rather incomplete. If anyone has useful bits of hitch-hiking lore, especially about the South, New England, or Eastern Canada, I'd appreciate it; you could drop a card or leave a message c/o The Seed.

—Stein (and the road gang)

Self-defense is a whole trip, a physical trip. So it's hard to write about. But there are things that can be said about it, things to turn people on, and also things that may help if tomorrow night is your turn to be a street-fighting woman. Many of these things are said over and over at self-defense sessions.

Self-defense is very real. Women have to learn how to defend themselves. The alternative is to live your life without ever knowing what it's like to be alone and not be afraid. Self-defense is also very real in the sense of being theater. It means learning the feel of your own body, learning to like and trust it. Learning the feel of other people's bodies, learning to trust them. Learning not to be afraid of physical pain, learning how to turn pain into strength and anger instead of freaking out. You can't fight without getting hurt.

If you aren't into a martial art, then the next best thing is to know only a few things and to know them well. In other words, there's no point in knowing a lot if that means that you'll have to stop and think before responding to an attack. Speed is unbelievably important.

Speed comes from practice, from doing your routine hundreds of times and from making it so automatic that you'd slaughter a brother if he came up behind you. (If he's your brother he should know better.)

The things you have to practice are vicious: the simplest things are the ones that do the most damage. You want to put your opponent in a great deal of pain as quickly as possible. Then escape. That means trying a series of things, each one of which is designed to disable him. Between blows, you don't wait to find out if you did any damage. You use everything available:

While you use your hands elsewhere, keep putting your knee into his groin. Karate kicks are farout, but getting in close and lifting your knee can do the trick as well or better. Do it again—as often as possible.

Meanwhile, stiffen your fingers and spread them out. Jab in the direction of his eyes. Something should go in somewhere.

Take the flat of your palms and hit him as hard as you can over his ears, covering them completely. You'll break his eardrums.

Take the heel of your palm and ram it up against the underside of his nose. Shove the bone structure into what's behind it. Have fingernails? Rake his eyes as you pull your hand away.

BEEN DOWN SO LONG

Of course, you shouldn't be alienated from your environment any more than from your body. All sorts of things — keys, combs, knitting needles — are potential weapons. And spare change or pebbles flung at an assailant can sometimes buy you time to escape.

You can combine these things in any way you want, but use both hands and use them quickly. If necessary, let yourself get hurt some in order to inflict more damage. Self defense doesn't mean not getting hurt. It means hurting the other guy worse.

What if someone comes up from behind? If you can, lift your arms back over your head and grip his ears with your fingers while you push your thumbs into his eyes.

Also, remember that a human instep can be broken with very little pressure. If you're being held from behind, you can use your opponent's leg to guide yours (take a quick look for his foot if you can) and bring your foot down on his instep, crushing it...

Then clasp your hands and swing your arms over your head while you drop down like this:

With a little luck, that should break his hold. Twist at the waist, fling your hand back, and grab him in the groin with as much viciousness as you can muster. Run. Sounds dramatic, no? Sometimes it doesn't work: there are other techniques, one of the most obvious of which is to kick or pound him in the groin.

All of this can be fairly hard to contemplate in the abstract. And it can be hard to find the time and energy to practice. But there are some things that may help. In the first place, understand that women's oppression is most often, still, physical. Just because we're used to being physically afraid on the street doesn't mean we have to put up with it. Secondly, compare the position of women to that blacks once had. We know that the black on the plantation was characterized as harmless, weak, childlike, dependent, and good as long as he knew his place—just as women are today. We know that when the black began to rebel against this oppression,



the same racist who once patronized him suddenly resorted to lynching. Rape, like lynching, is the violence used to keep an oppressed class within the boundaries established by the society: like the black who spoke to a white woman, or the woman who goes to a bar alone.

There are women's self-defense classes going on in the city, listed in Free City Directory. It has been said that women are the only oppressed class that has not learned how to defend itself. That is ceasing to be true.

(LNS) The Pentagon has admitted that for six years it has turned over to the Justice Department the names of men rejected for military service either because they admitted using drugs, or because medical tests revealed they were users.

PLAY BALL
A rubber ball loaded with disabling CS gas is a new anti-riot weapon being developed by the Army, which is experimenting with methods of breaking up riots without coming right out and killing people. The ball, according to officials, is particularly useful because unlike gas grenades, it is difficult to pick up and throw back. After the item is sufficiently tested, mass production will begin, probably at the beginning of next year - in time for the '72 elections.

downers

April 1. In an obvious move to "wind down the Vietnam war" and its associated killing machines, the U.S. House of Representatives overwhelmingly voted to maintain the draft until the middle of 1973, allow the President to abolish undergraduate student deferments, and increase the alternative service requirement for conscientious objectors from two to three years. And so, as a branch of the Federal government reaches even higher levels of ...heh....heh humanity, a question is asked: Is there a Doctor in the House?

"F.B.I.. agents should interview directly political activists in order to enhance the paranoia endemic in these circles and to get the point across there is an F.B.I. agent behind every mailbox. In addition, some will be overcome by the overwhelming personalities of the contacting agent and volunteer to tell all—perhaps on a continuing basis."

from a newsletter circulated among FBI agents from James O'Connor, in charge of the "New Left Desk" in Philadelphia FBI office.

This is one of the tidbits liberated from the files of the Media, Pa. office of the FBI by a group calling itself the Citizens Commission to Investigate the FBI. The group seized the files March 8th and released them to the press and other persons.

That particular office was into many things, including spying on the Black Panther Party, the Black Student Unions in colleges, and anti-war activists. FBI agents had unofficial (or official) cooperation of many other good citizens: the passport office forwards information to the FBI on people travelling to the Soviet Union—to see if they've been approached by Russians to be spies (au, c'mon...)

One memo indicated that the FBI received help from all sorts of people when maintaining surveillance on a Swarthmore professor—including the college switchboard operator, who kept a record of all the teachers long-distance calls, the police chief, who watched his house, and a local postmaster who promised to keep an eye on the guy's mail.

Oh well, they have to do something to keep busy. We just have to be one step ahead, that's all.

Upper!

COMMUNITY CENTER NOW OPEN

The doors are now open at the Chicago Gay Community Center, located at 171 W. Elm (one block south of Division on Wells street). Since the Center was leased a month ago, major repairs have been completed and meetings can now be held at the Center. Many minor repairs have yet to be made, however, and volunteers are urgently needed to paint and move furniture.

The Chicago Gay Alliance is now holding all of its meetings at the Center. Sunday business meetings are held at 3:00 pm, followed by a dinner. Every Thursday there is an informal rap session to which all members—new, old and would-be—are invited. Everybody is welcome.

THEY SHOOT RIFLES, DON'T THEY ?

No one-page article in the Seed can begin to tell everything you should know about guns for self-defense, but it's damned important for us to include an article on guns in this survival issue, and damned important for you to read it. We're not advocating off the pigs today, because it's suicidal and politically futile now.

But we do believe a couple of things. First, guns are not super-heavy, fearsome things, reserved only for a few brave souls. We should be familiar with guns, because there are some self-defense situations in which knowing how to aim and fire a gun may save our lives.

We admit that knowing a little about guns may be more dangerous than knowing nothing — in some instances, just having a gun on you and not knowing how to use it may provide a good excuse for getting killed yourself. Also, you might accidentally kill yourself while handling your gun. So if you are going to own a gun, make sure you know how to use it. (Check the yellow pages for pistol and rifle ranges in the Chicago area—there are at least 4 or 5—and practice shooting.

And second, it's important to begin thinking about self-defense training for a future time. Right wingers have been stockpiling weapons for years, and perhaps it's time the left started putting away a few weapons for future use. Hundreds of guerillas in South America don't have the weapons they need today because of decades of strict government gun regulations. While we don't need weapons right now, there may come a time when we do and can't get them.

The three basic types of weapons most of us come in contact with are rifles, shotguns, and handguns. We can't begin to cover all the details about all the individual weapons available, but we will cover the basics and give you some sources for specific information on specific guns.

RIFLES

The high power rifle is generally used for shooting long distances, where high speed and stability of the bullet allow high accuracy. Snipers in Viet Nam score hits routinely at 500-1000 yards. But generally speaking, a high power rifle is not suitable for use in close quarters self defense. They're unwieldy to handle, usually weigh 7-9 lbs., and are too powerful: a .30-06 bullet would penetrate your own wall and several walls in your neighbors' homes before stopping.

The most common type of rifle is called a "bolt action" and has an enlarged chamber at the rear of the barrel into which the cartridge fits. The gun is fired by pulling the trigger, driving the firing pin against the "cartridge primer" in the base of the cartridge. The primer explodes when hit by the firing pin, sending a burst of flame into the cartridge base and igniting the powder in the body of the shell. The powder burns very rapidly, creating tremendous pressure inside the rifle which dislodges the bullet itself from the mouth of the cartridge and drives it down the barrel. After the bullet leaves the barrel, the cartridge shell is ejected and can be reloaded with new primer, powder, and bullet.

Because the bullet is powered by high gas pressure created by the burning powder, the rifle chamber must be closed tightly. This is done by the "bolt," under which is the "magazine," where cartridges are kept. Starting with the bolt in the rear position, when it is pushed forward, it picks up the top cartridge in the magazine and pushes it into the chamber. The bolt is then rotated ¼ turn to the right, which locks it in posi-

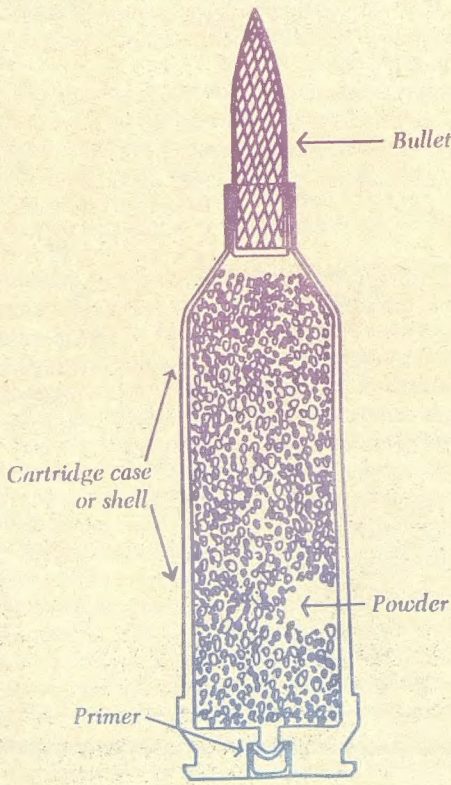
tion. As the bolt is pushed forward, the firing pin spring inside it is compressed and the firing pin pulled back. Pulling the trigger releases the firing pin as described above. When the bolt is turned to open and pulled back, the empty case is pulled out by a little hook called the "ejector." The bolt is now in the rear position, ready to begin the cycle all over again by being pushed forward, pulling the next cartridge into the chamber, and so forth.

Basic procedure: push the bolt forward, rotate to close, pull trigger, rotate bolt to open, and pull back—until you've used all the cartridges in the magazine, usually 5 or 6.

While the bolt action has been around since the 1880s and is popular for hunting and frequently used in Third World combat, it has been replaced in modern armies by the semi-automatic and automatic rifles.

SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE

The major difference between the bolt action and semi-automatic is that some of the energy from the burning powder in the semi-automatic is used to operate the bolt, so that all the shooter does is pull the trigger for each shot. This means you can fire much more quickly and, because the semi-automatic has a larger



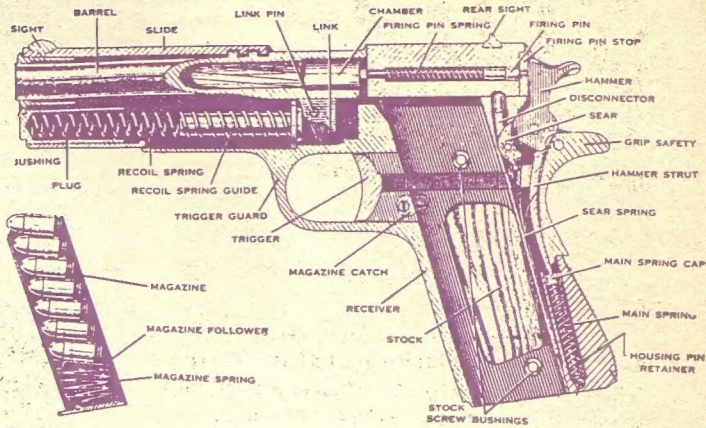
Typical rifle cartridge, showing parts.

magazine, can fire more shots before reloading. You also have more control over the target because you don't have to move your hand on the bolt between shots.

For specifics on what rifles to buy, get some of the manuals listed below and particularly the "Firearms and Self Defense" booklet.

HANDGUNS

Handguns are strictly short range weapons, difficult to aim, using cartridges much less powerful than those in rifles. For most people 25 yards would be about maximum range for hitting a man-sized target, but many policemen are adept at hitting young blacks in the back at 50 yards or more. The two basic types of handguns are revolvers and automatic pistols.



Internal parts of Colt .45 auto pistol

REVOLVERS

A revolver has a revolving cylinder with 5 or 6 chambers, into which fit the cartridges. As the cylinder revolves, one chamber at a time lines up with the barrel and the cartridge is fired. Pulling the trigger for each shot rotates the cylinder so the next cartridge lines up with the barrel. After all shots are used, the cylinder is swung out, the empty shells ejected and new cartridges loaded.

AUTOMATIC PISTOLS

Are really small versions of the semi-automatic rifle, where some of the cartridge energy is used to operate the bolt. But instead of a bolt the automatic pistol has a "slide" which completely encloses the barrel and which slides back after the gun is fired, ejecting the empty case and cocking the hammer, and then snapping forward, putting another round in the chamber. Automatic pistols have removable magazines which hold 7-14 rounds each. You can change magazines in a few seconds and keep up a rapid rate of fire.

AUTOMATICS VS. REVOLVERS

The automatic certainly has a more rapid rate of shooting, but because each cartridge has to go from the magazine up a ramp into the chamber, it's somewhat susceptible to jams. And if you have a misfire (cartridge doesn't go off), you have to pull the slide back by hand to clear the unfired cartridge and chamber a new one, wasting valuable time in a self-defense situation. If a revolver misfires, you simply pull the trigger again, rotating the next cartridge into line with the barrel. But the revolver takes longer to reload than the automatic. The military uses automatics while almost all police and undercover agents use revolvers, since 100% reliability is most important to them.

SHOTGUNS

Instead of firing a single relatively stable bullet, the shotgun shoots out a number of round lead pellets that scatter outward as they leave the barrel. Because of the scattering and number of pellets, you don't have to pinpoint the target to hit it. Shotguns are used for hunting animals and flying birds which would be difficult to hit with a single bullet, and are extremely effective self-defense weapons.

Although there are many types of shotguns in wide use, the two recommended ones are the pump action and the semi-automatic. The pump action stores its shells in a tubular magazine, one behind the other, below the barrel. The magazine is encased by a piece of wood called the "forearm" which slides back and forth. The gun is operated by a pumping motion on the forearm: after the trigger is pulled and the gun fired, slamming the forearm back toward you will eject the fired case, and slamming it forward again will move the next cartridge from the magazine into the chamber and cock the trigger.

The semi-automatic uses some of the gas pressure to work the forearm action, requiring the shooter to pull the trigger only.

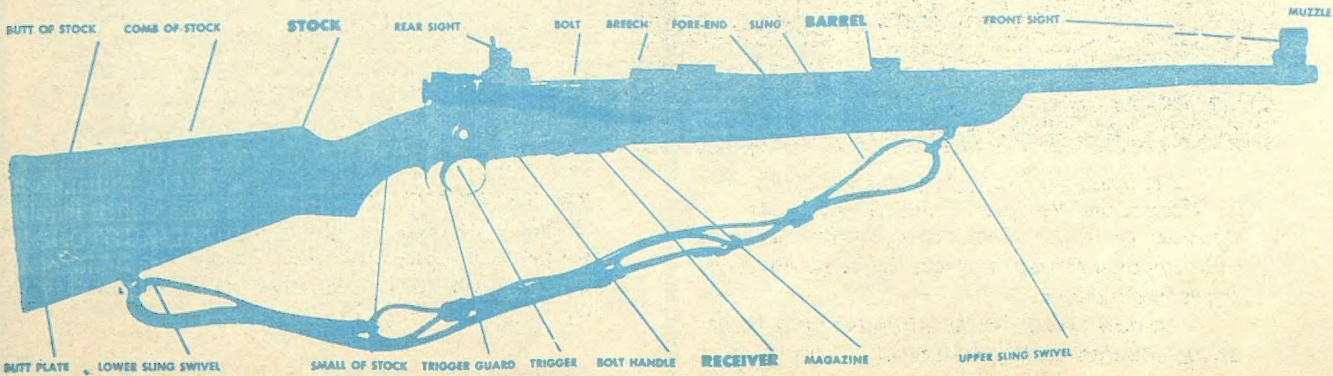
MORE READING

Most of this article is from the magazine "Firearms and Self Defense": a handbook for radicals, revolutionaries and easy riders." It's available for 50¢ from the International Liberation School, c/o the People's Office, 1925 Grove St., Berkeley, California. The book is fairly comprehensive and covers most of things we've ignored here, including ballistics, cleaning, gun safety, buying a gun, and firing accuracy. VERY IMPORTANT for you to get this book if you have any interest in what we've talked about.

Also recommended are W.H.B. Smith's SMALL ARMS OF THE WORLD and the BOOK OF PISTOLS AND REVOLVERS, both of which go into specific designs of different firearms and how to strip them. Detailed books dealing with one specific weapon are generally available in gunstores and are frequently distributed by right-wing publishing houses.

Other general books are George Nonte, PISTOL AND REVOLVER GUIDE, L. R. Wallack, THE ANATOMY OF FIREARMS, John Olson, editor, THE SHOOTERS BIBLE, and the National Rifle Assoc. books: BASIC PISTOL (RIFLE SHOTGUN) MARKSMANSHIP. A detailed guide to reloading cartridges, available in all gun stores, is the LYMAN RELOADING GUIDE.

— Roy Rogers



Parts of a typical bolt action rifle.

STOP LOOK..

More about acid, dropout culture and all that.

After about a dozen trips, I turned away from acid and started taking mescaline. There's something weird about acid. It gives a nasty metallic twist to everything. I decided why try to hurt myself, and since I still wanted to trip out, I switched to mescaline because it is more sensual, more delicate and more humane. Usually what I tripped on was synthetic, but still, the mescaline molecule is based on nature, whereas acid is totally synthetic, another product of Junk Culture.

(Later, on my first peyote trip, I asked the redwoods for advice and comment, and they told me that the war was between life and junk. They also told me I should quit turning away from life and quit looking for an escape-heaven, that first I had to get my friends out of jail. They said: deal with your environment.)

After I'd tripped out some, I started telling friends who'd never tripped out that they should try it. I felt that psychedelics were doing a good thing, and I told people so.

I didn't however, advocate that in public, but only face to face, friend to friend. There's something awfully wrong with getting up in a public place (and that includes newspapers) and telling people they should take drugs. The whole visionary world which psychedelics opens up is a community of vibrations, touch, love, a feeling of one world and harmony. Talking with someone, being with someone is the way of that world. But Media means there is a distance between sender and receiver. An abyss. And Mass Media means that the medium is alienated from the people. No matter how beautiful the message is, when it takes place via Mass Media—Media not related to a specific community—it affirms the abyss. Leary's fault is that he sold acid over mass media, like he was Arthur Godfrey and it was Camel's cigarettes, like it was just another way to get high, another diversion, another commodity.

Even so, it had to be done. Leary and others made a conscious judgment that Amerika was so fucked up that they had to shock young whites out of their treadmill by any means available. Even though a mass media program generated bad karma as a side-effect, it got people moving.

There's two aspects to this. First there's the subjective feelings of many heads that psychedelics were good. We wanted to turn on the world. Secondly, there's that political decision about what was necessary in Amerika. Blend that together and it comes out: turn on, tune in, drop out.

So although I didn't push acid, I did push alternative culture. That's what "drop out" led to, a culture of people who were hanging out, getting their heads together, not relating to straight Amerika and all its problems.

Now, especially after Cleaver's statement and action in busting Leary—and I believe Cleaver was right—I've been trying to rethink where I'm at on all this. I hardly use psychedelics anymore, but I do sometimes. And I still tell some straight friends they should turn on. Psychedelics still seem to me to be a good way to shake honkies out of their brain-traps. And when the fog of paranoia and confusion settles in heavy, I need a trip to clear my head.

However, this is a four or five times a year thing now, and in any case, it is not a revolutionary act as such.

And that brings me to re-examine the whole alternative culture thing, especially as I've been pushing it. My feeling is that that's where I've really been fucking up. I had hoped and thought that when people tripped out and dropped out, they would see that a new world had to be built and then they'd start doing it, motivated by their new-found inner vision. But it hasn't worked. People dropped out and then stopped. Middle-class values are deeper than acid.

Now there's a large mass of people we can call the Alternative Culture. But what does that mean? It includes Rolling Stone, Rags, all communes, all longhairs, rock music, underground papers, all heads, a large part of the young white radicals, hip capitalists, all the people who are acting under the slogan of "move to the country," plus the new organic gardening types, yoga types and health food types. Mostly a vast horde of spaced-out children stumbling around Amerika like lost robots.

Does the Alternative Culture include high-school kids? I don't think so, not really. Our

cop-out to Tommy's Holiday Camp is not going to satisfy or contain the masses of teenagers. And they'll let us know that in a couple of years when they accuse of being just another version of the Great Pig.

Because that's what we've come to. Our prevailing ethos is still a plea to Big Daddy: Give us welfare, give us food stamps, and we'll go off by ourselves and smoke dope, drop acid, roam around in nature. If you don't give us welfare, we'll turn violent, but our wants are simple, you can buy us off for next to nothing.



The beautiful strategy behind the whole dropout thing is that we have to remake this nation. However, the tactic of alternative culture has come to be opposed to that strategy. We've painted ourselves into a corner.

So now what? We have to wake up from our dream and start dealing with reality. This is no loss, because real life is the deepest dream.

Those of us who have specific abilities must go into specific communities and help people set up food conspiracies, La Maz classes for natural childbirth, widwifery, laundromats, free schools, cooking and gardening classes, day-care centers... affirmative collective actions that further our actual life activities and develop actual community.

We were raised to be selfish, individualist, star-trippers and groupies. We need to come together, not only in theory but in practice. Obviously beginning to actually do this is the hardest step. The second step, doing more of this, will be easier.

We must get beyond thinking of longhairs as some new beautiful species who have arrived at a promised land, whose only problem is that straights don't understand and once they fade away everything will be fine. Open your eyes and look at yourself and your brothers and sisters. A lot of us are still living in great misery and pain, and we aren't helping matters by calling it freedom when it isn't.

The only revolution that makes any sense is a revolution of the people. The "people" are not some glamorous concept, they are all these humans, these clods, these fuckups. U.S. The alternative culture is raw material. We now have to begin building. We haven't really begun yet.

Obviously, this is only my opinion. A lot of you who are reading these words know much more about this whole thing than I do. It would help all of us if you'd write the Seed and tell us what you know. We need discussion.

If you think in terms of revolution, how will it grow out of the present? If you think a revolution is not necessary, please explain to us how the system will wither away. And please tell us about your practical accomplishments. Are there any rural communes, for instance, actually already supplying the cities with food? How much food? How much labor? What are the economics? How did you set it up?

Ah, it's spring again, bursts of sunlight, sunburn, time to dance and plot and trash and build.

Sandy Darlington

This article first appeared in Good Times, a San Francisco underground paper.

WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

"Sign me up as a diplomat

My only office is the park"

—Jefferson Starship

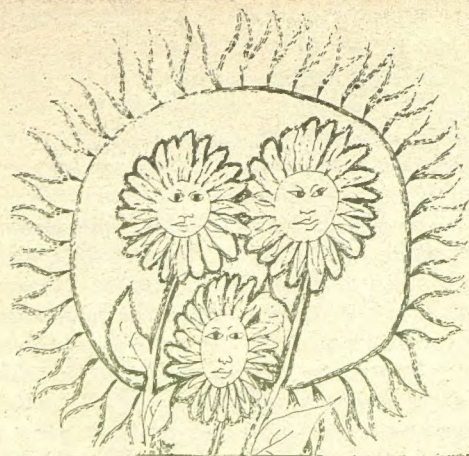
Sunday in the life of March. Twenty-two days from the cold greyness of February, I rose along with the day, stoned high from the previous night welcoming spring. As the sun hit the number 11 spot in the sky, I headed through Chicago's scenic Lincoln Parking Lot to its greenest part, the site of previous Love-ins (gee whiz, I haven't heard that one in years. . .), Fun-ins, Be-ins and just where folks gathered for the same good and bad reasons, every seventh day.

There were about thirty streetpeople huddling around a communal wine bottle, a radio blaring John Lennon's "Power To The People," a really far-out kitchen, and other . . . ahem. . . good things of life. The ground was still muddy in places, so there wasn't very much lying around. . . or littering. Everyone laughed at a mudsitting dog. The chilling breeze forced me to break fast near Wells St. That's where I soon encountered our friends from the red squad. Swift evasive activity brought me back to the park. A television crew was doing its thing, trying, I suppose to catch smiles that haven't yet been smashed by convention '68, Fred Hampton, Kent State, or Indochina ad infinitum for all those in livingroomland. . .

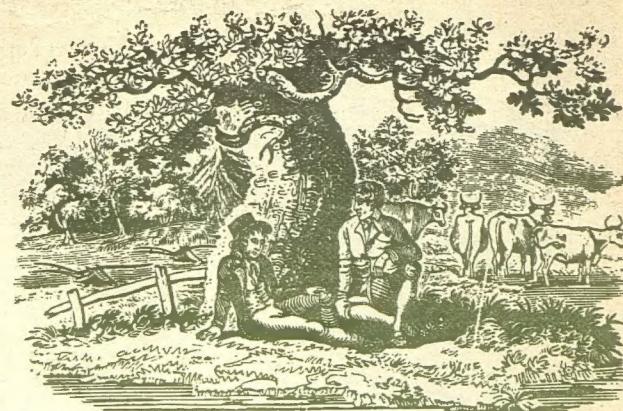
I met a friend and we rapped about the important and the freaky, perhaps trying to grasp a sense of what's happening. An unmarked police car passes making me think about the coming of whatever does. The hesitant uncertainty scares me....

We moved to where some people were playing guitars, getting high and having a good time. They sang "Here Comes the Sun" motioning for it to appear from behind the clouds. . . and it did. A real mindblower. Like a glimpse of a mystic idealistic past when love wasn't something sold in Old Town or used as a word for something else altogether. Or maybe what I thought was past was never true and just an escapist myth. The clouds looked like the spirits of past Sundays and those people who in any sense passed away with them. Nobody questioned the high vibes nor did we forget reality. . . at least I hoped so. . . as the sun set.

Uncle Martin



KARMA FARM



One year ago the Seed published an article on finding and buying a farm, based on our experience. We thought you might want to know what we've done with it since then.

The farm was purchased in the name of an individual. Since we are now forming a co-operative—so we'll have joint ownership—we'll have a whopping big capital gains tax to pay on what we already own. Form a corporation, church, school, or co-operative to legally own your communal property. The money came from: a rich relative, some in the form of an inheritance, the rest in the form of a loan; personal savings of individuals in the commune, profits from the silk-screened T-shirt business we started; and a loan from friends. The farm is paid for completely; about 1/3 of the purchase price is still owed in loans we're paying off with the business.

Though we bought the farm in March 1970, we didn't move onto the land until July 4 of that year. Arrived at dawn with a U-haul, old chevy panel truck & goodole VW sedan packed to the ears with people dawgs katz t-shirts records & stuff. We spent the next few months orienting ourselves, strangers to the land.

We had earlier put in a garden but due to inexperience, drought and tired soil we raised mostly weeds and beans. Leaf lettuce, radishes, cherry tomatoes, cucumbers and endive also did OK—cabbages carrots potatoes beets kale brussel sprouts cauliflower peas lima beans & spinach were largely failures.

Luckily, lots of food was growing on the farm which needs little or no cultivation—red and blackcap raspberries, blackberries mulberries and blueberries, red and black currants, hundreds of tame and wild apple trees, black walnuts, plums, wild grapes wild cherries, edible wild mushrooms, "weeds" such as dandelion, lambsquarters, purslane and milkweed. This year besides all these we'll be watching for wild strawberries wild onions and carrots, prairie turnips, butternuts, hickory nuts and hazelnuts, elderberries, pokesalad, nettles, cress, mushrooms we missed last year and various herbs and roots for teas and medicine. We learned about many of these things from Euell Gibbons book *Stalking The Wild Asparagus*; many of them grow wild in Chicago in empty lots, untended lawns, city parks, forest preserves.

We've planned a larger garden this year, about one acre of assorted vegetables and one acre of sweet corn. We are planning on feeding ten to twelve people and visitors here on the farm and about the same number of people in our sibling commune in Chicago. Surpluses after freezing canning drying and otherwise preserving for the winter will be sold in community food stores in Madison and Chicago and/or given away to local neighbors and people who need it in the cities. Hopefully the failures of last season will be overcome by 1) knowledge we've gained from experience, talks with neighbors, and winters reading on organic gardening methods (mostly publications from Rodale Press), 2) starting long season crops such as cabbage family stuff, peppers and tomatoes in flats in the house six weeks before planting time, 3) hauling and spreading manure from our own and neighbors barns, and compost from our compost pile of old straw, leaves and kitchen garbage and 4) spending a lot of time in the garden weeding and mulching and singing to the plants and dancing between the rows.

The house. Kinda decrepit lookin' when we got there but pretty sound. We tore out a wall, built lotsa shelves, took up twenty or thirty years worth of linoleum, and painted all the rooms. It's far too small (by bourgeois standards) for as many people as we are, but by building lofts and more storage space and loving understanding we can make it easily. Remember all the people in India... China... the ghettoes of every-

where. The place is heated at present (to our ecological discomfort) with a woodburning furnace. We spent a lot of time in late summer and early fall cutting deadwood for the winter—and more time floundering through the snow in the middle of winter cutting more wood when we ran out. Everything is thawing now, after the "worst winter" since 1934" they say—with some 30° below zero weather and lotsa snow. We'll be looking for a more ecological way of heating for next winter.

The business. It's been successful enough to keep us and our animals fed and to have some of our designs ripped-off by wall street jagoffs. Lotsa shirts to give away, too, usually.

The animals. 4 dawgs and 8 cats are about 11 pets too many as far as the writer is concerned. We can't go for a walk without a pack following and chasing off any wild animals we might see—the cats are rough on chipmunks and birds as well as rats and mice. The chickens came with the farm—30 hens, white rocks, barred rocks, and some untraceable strange colorations. To these we added several Rhode Island Reds, a large white rooster named Col. Sanders, and 4 pullets survived from last summer's only brood to hatch. After a winter slump (during which a few chicken dinners whittled the flock down to 20 or so) they got the idea and started laying again. The dogs (aside from the wise collie left by the previous owners) were taught one by one not to kill



chickens by being beaten with the bloody chicken till they got the idea. Now we get a dozen eggs a day, fine big brown ones, and thinking of enlarging the flock again. Four ducks—two hens and two drakes—besides their incessant cheerful quackiness, waddling thru snow, splashing in thawed puddles—are giving us a couple eggs a day. Our female goat once huge with child, was delivered of twins. The billy is only a minor nuisance—the dawgs keep him inside the corral we built of posts and slabs. The horse is beautiful—we've been boarding him with option to buy (E-Z terms) and with frequent riding is getting almost gentle enough for beginners to ride.

The commune. We are a commune now. We've each become healthier, more optimistic, more relaxed. Together we've been working on eliminating the evils of individualism and competitive hassles, petty game playing, male chauvinism/sexism. Learning to work together, learning to listen to one another, learning to use our hands minds bodies. Men learning to cook clean sew, women learning to split wood fix cars do carpentry. We have a long way to go but the way is easier now that the journey has begun.

The community. Our physical presence, long hair, hip clothes, tribal aspect and outlook coupled with a generally friendly and inquisitive attitude led to im-

mediate acceptance by "straight" people in almost every instance. As if they were always curious about hippies and always wanted to believe that we are all decent human beings.

The notable exception is the time some drunks looking for the "love-in" at 3 in the morning came by. They were asked to leave, did so, and came back and inflicted minor damage to one of the dogs with birdshot,

and split. Friends and neighbors offered to lend us shotguns; the sheriff, on hearing of this, asked us to "try not to kill anyone."

We have had no need of welfare nor tried to collect it, allaying some of their prejudiced fears. We have tried to be subtle about dope and politics, hoping first to win acceptance as neighbors. A surprising amount of political sophistication is present here. It don't take dope and long hair to see through the bullshit.

Whatever "organizing" we are attempting or contemplating is or will be based on peoples' needs—labor exchanges, food co-ops, better facilities in the youth center, a recycling program.

Fears. Overpopulation, leading to harrasmen both legal and extralegal. (One neighbor is a factory owner rightwing pig) T-shirt business taking up too much time. Difficulty in achieving a balance between housing and feeding a comfortable working commune (no more than twenty people) (I think) and preserving and encouraging a "wild" ecology. ("What we finally seek to do is to create an environment which works so well we can run wild in it.") Becoming too isolated from the Movement. (It didn't take long for the "Hip" bombings, the "hip" newspapers, as well as cities and TVs to seem very alien to us).

Projections dreams fantasies. Growing enough food to give away a significant amount in the cities, selling only enough to pay for seed and fertilizers. Building a woodshed for storing and curing firewood (even if we convert the furnace we'll continue to use the wood cookstove, especially in winter when it keeps the kitchen warm) and lumber for building, insulating the kitchen, repairing the old granary and converting it to workshop/living quarters, building a garage so essential machinery can be kept running in winter, buying a second-hand tractor, raising feed grain for animals, building a kiln to fire pots thrown on our treadle-operated potters wheel, making things of wood approaching the craftsmanship of such earlier communal groups as the Shakers, establishing a vineyard and a free city wine cellar, participating in intercommunal activities (workshops in organic gardening/architecture/community design? intercommunal newsletters? "cultural exchange" between rural and urban communes?) experimenting in building design (Soleri's concept of "arcology") constructing one or more fishponds in harmony with tilled fields and gardens and landslope ("aquaculture"), beekeeping, becoming closer together with one another and our sisters and brothers here in the country and in the city.

A babble of suggestions. Get close to the land in the city. Plant gardens wherever you can find enough soil to support one. Earth Peoples Family raised some excellent vegetables last year in an empty lot at North & Larrabee. Enrich soil with homemade compost from kitchen garbage, cat litter etc. Move to the country. Look for a place to rent. Use that as a base for looking for a place to buy. Do it communally. Get your commune together before you leave the city. Learn useful crafts—traditional ones like pipe-making, candle-making, leathercraft, dressmaking. Invent new ones. When you do make it back to the land there'll be few or no jobs available and crafts provide a source of income from the city for the years it will take to become self-sufficient. Know how to take care of your vehicles and repair them when necessary. Collect mechanic's tools, woodworking tools, gardening tools. Learn simple wiring and plumbing. Stop smoking cigarettes. Give up speed and downers. Learn names and habits of birds bugs reptiles mammals. Learn names and uses of trees. Learn map-reading. Learn medicine. Many of these skills are covered by books listed in the various *Whole Earth Catalogs* and their supplements. A good overall picture of cooperative country living is presented in Helen and Scott Nearing's *Living the Good Life*. Read about the original inhabitants of this country and how they cooperated with their environment. Read Adele Davis on nutrition; learn to co-operate with your body. More information properly belongs in a more general article on communal living. Take it easy, sing a lot.

—The Karma Farmers—



I'm a female resident of a commune in Lincoln Park since last October. While it hasn't all been delightful, I feel (at the moment) that I'm here to stay. I'm going to try to describe what it means to me to live communally and how I think our commune relates to survival.

Daily hassles are as much a part of this commune as anything. There are dirty dishes piled in the sink and the cockroaches are massing for another attack. P found one in the middle of his dinner. Someone left the tool box open — our tools have been ripped off twice already. E's at another NUC meeting, but she signed up to cook tonight. Illinois Bell has called to threaten cutting off our phone for the third time. God knows how they'll be able to maintain the tap. Where the hell is the top to the fucking milk bottle? And then a few people hug each other and it's pretty nice being here again.

R's in jail somewhere in Minnesota for sending in his draft card. How come they can rip off one of our people? Six months — at least he's got the *I Ching* — but they've cut off all his hair. We seem to be pretty much at the mercy of the state these days. I didn't really believe that R would go to jail. It's sad and scary. Aside from feeling bad for him and missing him, I also feel very paranoid. Images of the concentration camp at Allenwood, Pa. keep drifting into my head. I guess I don't really know R very well, but from what I do know, I think he'll come through this all right.

Living in Chicago isn't an ideal situation for a commune. Some of the others are more affected by the city than I am — B and P find urban life somewhat of a freakout — but none of us is free from all the hassles of noise and crowdedness and the ever-present pig. My head gets fucked up most by having to work. I finally quit my job at a publishing company because I was leading such a schizophrenic life. Too much of my time was being spent contributing to the Amerikan fucking-over process. It got to the point of having to force myself to go to work, and then I'd come home in a bad mood and unable to get into the other people very much at all.

Since we live together, we can afford not to have everyone working at once. Two of the men teach — one in a fairly free situation. One of our women edits a political newsletter and another is on welfare. The rest of us are pretty much doing shit jobs. We try to rip off our employers as much as possible and that helps our heads a little. It would be nice to work together but we can't figure out how to do that yet. The mortgage has to be paid. Our vehicles have to be nursed along.

We try not to be consumers, but it seems that we have to for awhile. One of the biggest outward changes I had to make to adjust to the commune was in my materialism. Before I moved in, I had to throw and give away a hell of a lot of things. I also had to change my whole consciousness about property. I hadn't really spent much time thinking about what it means to share, so it was a shock to realize how much I still used the word "my".

I think we manage physical survival pretty well. Our food doesn't cost much. We rarely eat meat anymore and weekly garbage runs provide much of our produce, especially in summer. We belong to a food co-op with other communes and buy dairy products, fruits and vegetables wholesale. We do the ordering and take turns with the other people picking up the food.

We also rip off some of the chain supermarkets. I had some irrational guilt feelings to get over before I could really get into that. The struggle wasn't helped much when I got caught at one store with a few of their items in my pocket, and almost got busted for it.

We have a friendly clinic caring for our teeth and bodies. Clothing consists of jeans and second-hand flannel shirts. We buy personal necessities and frivolities from \$20-a-month allowances.

Our commune spends lots of time and energy on meetings. I think this is because we don't work together and are therefore apart all day.. We also seem to have hundreds of different interests outside the commune.

Traditionally, we've spent Tuesday nights trying to verbally work through problems in relating to each other. We've had a few very good meetings, but we never seem to have time to pursue the things that are brought up. I think we don't trust each other enough yet to go very deeply into examining how we relate. I know that I feel a very clearly defined line separating what I feel I can say about myself and what I can't. I'm also afraid that I might not be able to handle something thrown out of someone else's depths.

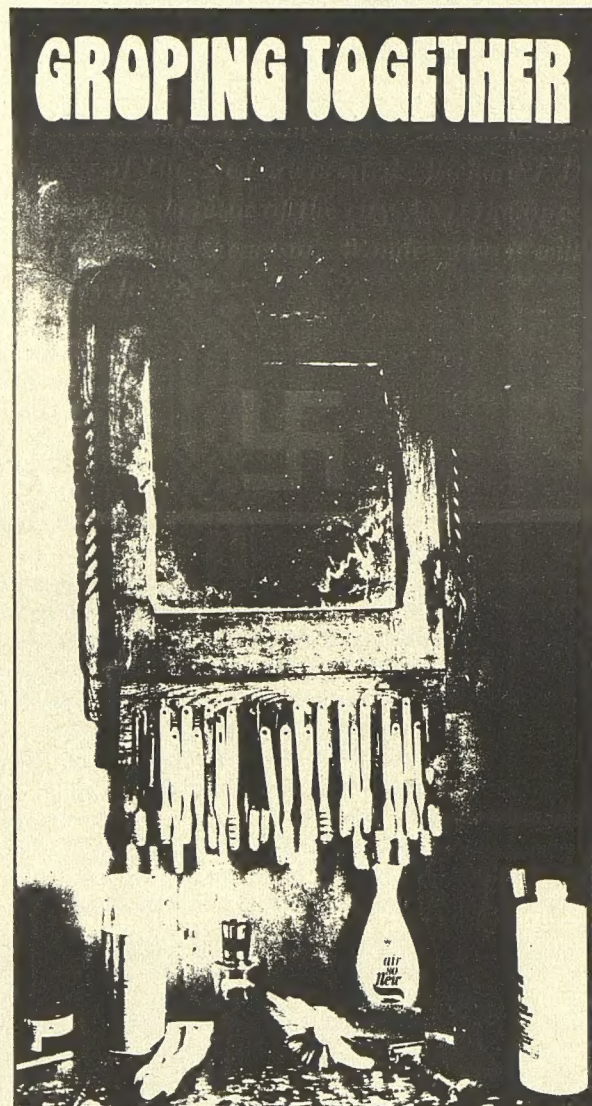
S proposed that we try spending the evening together in shared activity instead of meeting. Last week we did yoga and things like that. This week maybe we'll make candles or have a naked revel or paint the kitchen or trip together. The change in format is intended to accomplish what we failed at before — getting to know each other better. The theory is that we can relate more comfortably and naturally if we don't feel obligated to relate. I'm not sure, though, if it isn't sometimes necessary to force yourself to open up.

On Thursdays, our men and women meet separately. The women's group started about the time I moved into the commune. Most of us didn't feel ready to be very political, so our meetings are basically rap sessions. We've been able to be more open than we can in meetings with the men, although even here there's some lack of trust. We've spent much of our time discussing our relationships with men. I discovered, much to my surprise, that other women have many of the same feelings of inadequacy that I do. Knowing this makes it seem much more possible that I can eventually be able to accept myself.

Recently, our group has reached a plateau, although I'm not sure why. Apparently, we've gone as far as we can at our present level of openness. Now we have to decide either to go deeper, if we can, or to take a different direction.

A few months ago, we decided that the men weren't very close to each other at all and suggested that they start meeting. They agreed. I don't know too much about their meetings, but I've heard from a few of them that there's an unclearness about where they're going.

I feel good about the men's consciousness in sharing the work traditionally relegated to women. They cook and clean and take care of our three-year-old without being self-righteous about it. This wasn't true originally, so I guess a lot of changes have occurred since the commune's beginning. It's going slowly and a little



painfully, but we women are learning to be confident in doing traditional men's work.

Many of our struggles are sexual. Last year, in the early days of the commune, some of us experimented a little with multiple relationships. There were some pretty big hassles as a result, so presently we've divided into three monogamous couples, three single people and one quasi-couple. This is far from the best situation. Those of us who are in couples are always in danger of being too much into each other at the expense of the whole family. Those of us who are single have trouble with feeling lonely or jealous. All of us have to contend with insecurity and false expectations.

Because of my own uptightness about sex, I didn't make much of an effort to find out what the sexual situation was before I moved into the commune. I assumed that there was much more sharing than there is and that I would be able to get right into it without being hassled. I've learned that I'm not ready to share sex and that I'm not yet able to separate sex and other expressions of warmth, at least with men. I'd like all of us to be able to share sex, in varying degrees of intensity, without possessiveness and jealousy. Eventually, maybe we can trust each other enough that fucking will become a completely open and honest expression of affection, divorced from fear and insecurity. We aren't anywhere near that point now, though.

We have two male children — a 3½ year old who lives here and a 9 year old who's visiting, at least till June. Both go to free school. I hadn't realized how much responsibility was involved in childcare before I moved in. At the same time, I hadn't realized how beautiful a child can be. Living with a child lets you in on the unbelievable experience of seeing the whole world as something new and exciting. It's nice too, to be around

people who haven't developed any hang-ups yet and who can express their feelings openly.

I don't know if it's possible to raise children communally. Both of ours spent more of their lives in nuclear families than in the commune. Suddenly they're forced to relate to a world of giants. Originally, we tried to divide the childcare evenly among ourselves, but we found that this arrangement wasn't too good for providing security. Our children are very aware of who their biological parents are and can't really feel good about spending equal amounts of time with all of us. We've found that it works better for only a few of us to be very much involved in childcare. Hopefully, this way we can provide a firmer base for the children to relate to.

We have to be very careful about being oppressive, since as adults we have incredible power over children. We need to maintain a consciousness of their rights as well as their needs. I discovered, to my horror, that I was looking at childcare largely in terms of "discipline", and that I never thought of a child having rights as important as mine.

I've had some time to get into our youngest child, and while I have a lot to learn, I'm beginning to feel much better about my ability to be with children in a positive way.

I think we all feel that raising children would be easier if we had more of them. We women have found that we get less fucked-over by the men and by ourselves if there are at least as many women as men, so the same should be true with children. Also, adults can be pretty boring. Several times when I've been with our younger child, I've felt that he would find another child much more interesting than I'm capable of being.

Most of us, for reasons too involved to go into here, don't feel ready to have more children yet. I know that total responsibility for a child's life scares me to death right now, and I'm not sure enough of the commune yet to count on its being around for the next fifteen years to help me.

Total anarchy is ideally very appealing, but our commune functions best, so far, with a minimal structure. Major decisions are made by consensus, so we manage to avoid the usual bureaucratic, majority-rule crap. Social pressure sometimes works pretty insidiously and pretty powerfully, though, and an individual dissenter has to be strong. I had a lot of trouble at first expressing differing opinions. I didn't have enough self confidence to feel that what I thought was very valuable. I have a lot of work to do in this area, because I've gotten into a habit of trying to be liked by agreeing, rather than for personal worth as a human being.

We have unwritten, but agreed-upon policy on dope, crashers, how money is spent, etc. Four of us are responsible for paying the bills, but the cashbox is open to everyone in the commune. Our paychecks go into a common fund. There doesn't seem to be any problem with income differences, since we aren't into money for itself. I can't contribute nearly as much money as M, but I'm usually free to put more time into the family than he. It tends to work out fairly evenly.

We try to be as open as possible with crashers. there isn't any problems with friends, but we're usually careful about people we don't know. Runaways are generally too much of a risk, since the FBI has been around a few times already. We've had a few crashers who have stayed for inordinately long periods of time, and we've had to ask them to leave, but that doesn't happen often.

Last Christmas, we had an average of twenty-five people in the house for several days and I, for one definitely felt crowded. It really hassled me to come home late one night and find someone I didn't even know sleeping in my bed.

All of us feel the effects of having too many people in a limited space. I'm sure it would be different in the country.

We have friends who have a farm in Wisconsin and some of us will be up there this summer, working on a vegetable garden and maybe putting up domes and other living structures. Right now, we'd like to be a rural-urban commune. Some of us, including myself, still feel that too much needs to be done in the city to abandon it yet. Sometime we may be completely rural. I know that there is a community in the country to relate to, too, but somehow, I see more shit, at least more obvious shit, to work on in the city.

Our politics aren't very together. Some of us are much more into organizing than others. I don't find this very relevant to my life at this point, maybe because I'm not sure of my organizing abilities or even how much right I have to tell other people how to live.

No one makes molotov cocktails in the basement or anything like that, although I find the idea romantically appealing. It's easier, after all, to feel that you're doing something about stopping the Machine if you can

CONT'D P.21

At a crowded community meeting in the Holy Covenant Church on March 29, Augustana Hospital agreed to reinstate lab and X-Ray backup services to the Fritz Englestein Free People's Health Clinic. The services had been discontinued on February 28.

The hospital promised to attend the meeting only after over a hundred people marched to Augustana and occupied its lobby (see last Seed).

Many more than a hundred people showed up for the meeting, and the hospital representatives seemed alarmed by the strength of the community support for the clinic. They were confronted with specific charges—that the hospital had thrown out lab tests sent from the clinic, that clinic patients received poor treatment when referred to the hospital, that the hospital did not provide information needed for the proper handling of lab specimens. Bennett from Augustana passed everything off as a failure of communication.

When people from the community charged Auga-

stana with inhuman treatment of its own patients, Peterson — a VP for medical affairs — claimed that the doctors involved wasn't on the hospital's house staff. That's bullshit. Every hospital has a review board which is supposed to oversee everything that goes on under its roof, and every hospital is responsible for the use made of its facilities. The hospital's claim that the doctor involved "just works here" is pure shuck.

The tests have been reinstated pending a hospital board meeting in about a month, at which time a final agreement between the clinic and the hospital will be presented. It was a victory for the community, although a still precarious one.

There's no telling how the board will react, or how hard Bennett and Peterson will push for the final agreement. The battle's just begun, and the clinic still needs a lot of support. They are still open on Mondays and Wednesdays from 6—9, and Saturday afternoons from 1—4, at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey.

madison
and

IBM

COMMUNITY

PANTHERS

By layout early April 5, 15 to 17 people had been busted in Madison during trashing that lasted three to four hours. The action started after a Mifflin Street block party was teargassed. The party began around one in the afternoon and was harassed by copcars that patrolled bumper to bumper so that people couldn't gather in the street. Around 7:30, after the majority of the crowd had dispersed, the pigs teargassed the area.

According to the Madison People's Center, where we got most of our information, the IBM building was a specific target. People coming back from Madison say that some computers were trashed. The rest of the crowd broke up and started the trashing, which consisted mainly of window breaking and throwing large objects and garbage into the streets.

WELFARE RIGHTS

LAS VEGAS, Nevada — "We took over Caesar's Palace... we stopped the dice and the roulette wheel and the bars and the rich man's hustlers and the pimps. You took notice."

On March 6, 1,000 welfare mothers marched down the Law Vegas strip, past the jungle of neon signs, past the crowds of bewildered tourist-gamblers, into the domed gambling den called Caesar's Palace, and demanded the reinstatement of 3,000 people who have been thrown off welfare in Nevada since January. The march and campaign was organized by the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) which is also demanding a \$6,500 guaranteed annual income for a family of four.

NWRO members showed up in full force in Las Vegas to conduct an on-going "Operation Nevada," aimed at exposing the anti-human practices of the state's welfare program. The 3,000 recipients were "terminated" on January 2 when Nevada welfare director George Miller concluded that 50% of the state's welfare clients were cheating and receiving undeserved welfare funds.

The 3,000 people were cut off from the state welfare rolls without any kind of hearing; 900 families from among the 3,000 were left with no income at all.

On March 10, welfare mothers marched again on the luxurious Sands Hotel. They were met with barbed wire and guards and instead staged a sit-down on the Strip, Las Vegas' garish main drag. 86 people were busted.

After a month of such actions, NWRO has a victory to their credit: a Federal District court judge has ordered the Nevada welfare department to reinstate the 3,000 people on the state's welfare rolls.

F.T. ARMY

Armed Forces day is May 16, and movement military organizers are planning activities at Great Lakes Naval Base. Last year on May 16 there was a rally at Foss Park, opposite the base. The following is an account of what went on inside the base in preparation for the day, written by a man in Gunner's Mate School at Great Lakes. He was not involved with the movement in 1970.

"About two weeks before May 16, the Petty Officer in charge of our working party asked for volunteers. It seems that there were some militants who were planning an anti-American demonstration who were going to come on base and try to burn down the barracks. So we were given the chance to 'bash some hippy heads in.' Since it was Gunner's School, he expected a large turnout. He finally had to 'volunteer' service people. The first thing they did was remove all metal stakes that the Panthers might use as weapons. They then were taught basic riot control with clubs.

While this was happening, the lifers were busy spreading rumors that maybe we would have a Kent State of our own. It was unofficially announced that if there were trouble between sailors and demonstrators that training would be given to the sailors and that they were helping the demonstrators. On Wednesday, we were told that the base would prepare for a riot on Friday night and that about 100 people would be on riot duty should leave — and that anyone who stayed was automatically on riot duty. Friday we were told that no one would be allowed to enter or leave the base for the entire weekend "for our own protection." On Friday we were told that we had to be off the base by 9 a.m. Saturday and that we could not return until 2000 Sunday. We were also told that the FBI had evidence that the demonstration was connected with the Communist Party, the Black Panthers, SDS, Weatherman and other militants. I was in a wooden barracks at the time. As a precaution, the fire hoses were all lined out along the halls, attached to the mains, and charged. When none of the horrors that the lifers predicted happened, they saved face by calling a locker inspection of all the people who had stayed voluntarily for the weekend.

New Haven, Conn.

The results of a four-day police search of New Haven Panther headquarters became the focus of contention last week in the trial of Black Panthers Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins as defense attorneys argued against the introduction of a tape recording allegedly seized during a police raid that was conducted without a search warrant.

New Haven superior court judge Harold Mulvey reserved decision on the admissibility of the tape recording at the end of the trial week, March 26, after defense attorney Catherine Roraback called 19 witnesses to support the defense argument that the search was illegal and the tape was, therefore, inadmissible. The tape is allegedly a recording of a 'trial' of New York Panther Alex Rackley. Seale and Huggins are accused of murder and kidnapping stemming from Rackley's death last May 1969.

"I'm claiming that this entire search is tainted because of the gross nature of the search," Roraback argued last week. She noted that the search lasted four days beginning May 22, 1969, when most of the New Haven Panthers were first arrested, giving the police more than sufficient time to obtain a warrant they never requested.

The 12-member jury last week heard the concluding testimony of prosecution witness Warren Kimbro and Margaret Hudgins, an unwilling witness forced to testify for the prosecution under the threat of a six-month contempt of court prison sentence.

It was Kimbro's testimony which at times last week most clearly refuted the charge of 'conspiracy' in Rackley's death. Most of his and Hudgins' testimonies have been admissible only because state attorney Arnold Markle has promised to prove in the later course of the trial that a 'conspiracy' existed. So far, nearly all of their testimony as failed to mention either Huggins or Seale. It has been 'hearsay' and last week Judge Harold Mulvey ruled that much of their testimony would be admitted only "subject to connection." If Markle fails to establish a 'conspiracy', Mulvey said the jury would be instructed to 'forget' almost all of the testimony he had introduced.

One of the original New Haven Panthers indicted who turned state's evidence in exchange for a lighter sentence, testified last week that Seale was not present during the alleged interrogation and torture of Rackley in the Panthers' office. That leaves George Sams as the only government witness who claims Seale was connected with Rackley's death.

-- from the Guardian

ENCO



LAOS: War and Revolution
 Edited by Nina S. Adams and Alfred W. McCoy
 Harper, Colophon Books
 \$4.75 482 pp.

When Nixon promised that Vietnam would be the last war, he was — in his own way — telling the truth. There will be no more wars like Vietnam because they do not work, and even the Pentagon knows it. Vietnam is just the wrong mixture of ingredients: large numbers of troops ensnared in a land guerrilla war, high casualty rates, no foreseeable end, intensive media coverage. The war has been as much a public relations failure as a military one. Obviously, a new model for suppressing revolution is needed. What is now going on in Laos provides that model.

As Fred Branfman writes in this new sourcebook: *"Without introducing its own combat troops into Laos, the United States has waged secretly a more extensive foreign war than any other nation in history. Incorporating the lessons of Vietnam, synthesizing previous Western experience in counter-insurgency, and operating almost exclusively through executive decrees, the American military in Laos has devised a pattern of warfare likely to become the model for all future attempts to fight localized guerrilla conflicts."*

This new type of war is marked by five important operational elements:

1) **MASSIVE AIR WAR.** Laos has seen the most extensive bombing of a civilian population in history. It is partly intended to disrupt traffic along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, but also to demoralize the civilian population and to deprive the Pathet Lao of people, food, and land. The air war costs \$2 billion a year — it costs \$100,000 to destroy one truck on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

2) **GROUND WAR FOUGHT BY ASIAN TROOPS.** When Nixon announced that no American ground troops would be sent into Laos during the recent assault on the trail, he was merely continuing a policy which had been decided on long before to minimize dissent at home. Of course, there are American advisors — they provide strategic direction, supplies, air support, transportation, intelligence, and even psychological warfare aimed at civilians. They have their own army, the Armée Clandestine, which consists mainly of Meo tribesmen and imported mercenaries. The AC is an alternative to the Royal Lao army, which is hopeless.

3) **LARGE SCALE EVACUATION OF THE CIVILIAN POPULATION.** Since 1962, more than half a million Laotians have been removed from their homes in Pathet Lao zones into areas controlled by the Royal Lao Government. The PR term for this operation: "Forced-draft urbanization." The official line is that these people are fleeing from the Communists. Actually, in most cases they are fleeing from American bombs. The object is to deprive the Pathet Lao of the people who are necessary to support a guerrilla war. To do this, we are quickly making the entire Laotian countryside unlivable.

4) **THE CREATION OF AN AMERICAN-DIRECTED CIVIL ADMINISTRATION:** The United States established its own governmental structure after it found that the corrupt Royal Lao Government was completely ineffective. This parallel government is staffed by the CIA, the American military, USAID, and other executive-controlled organizations.

5) **A POLICY OF DELIBERATE SECRECY.** Laos? You mean we're fighting a war in Laos?

As far as the Pentagon and the White House are concerned, the Laos game is definitely an improvement on the Vietnam debacle. But it won't work. The Laotian government is just too weak, and attempts to work around it with a parallel government make it just weaker. The army has no incentive to fight except the money we are feeding into it, but the Laos economy is not able to support that influx of funds without massive inflation and corruption. The Pathet Lao is well established and has widespread support.

Nevertheless, Branfman points out that we are already extending the Laos model into Thailand. Northern Thailand has been turned into a free-fire zone, and we are trying to bomb 500,000 tribesmen from their mountain homes into government-controlled areas. Rebel zones are being destroyed from the air. An agency called the Accelerated Rural Development has been set up to deliver aid directly to villagers without going through the Thai government. And no news coverage of these operations have been allowed.

Deja vu, anyone?

—Pop Buell

WHAT

WAR?

Those who have been working for an end to this war have been seeking to document the baffling reason for our government's slavish commitment to the corrupt Thieu-Ky regime.

Now, according to the Wall Street Journal and confirmed in various trade journals, we learn that 17 highly sought-after leases to drill for oil off the coast of Vietnam will be awarded by the Thieu-Ky government to international petroleum companies, most of which are American.

Since the early 1950's our government has declared its interest in the rich oil and other natural resources of Southeast Asia. We not only gave major support to the French military efforts to control the wealth of Vietnam (\$1 billion the year before the French were defeated at Dien Bien Phu), but have supported puppet regimes in South Vietnam since that time.

The oil-rich islands of Indonesia (Sumatra, Java, Borneo) have long attracted American oil companies. But it was not until the overthrow of Sukarno who was seeking to retain for his country control of their own resources, that the door was open for a major oil boom in Southeast Asian off-shore exploration (see map)

At the same time that Nixon is assuring us that troops are withdrawing (in a "phased withdrawal") we learn that seismic surveys for oil are being carried on off the coast of Vietnam (indicated by * on map) by a subsidiary of Ampex Corporation of Redwood City, California.

Early in 1970 at a meeting in Singapore, David Rockefeller, Chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank, stated that in the 1970's 6 billion dollars would be invested in U.S. oil development in the Great Basin area.

In Chicago, a group of people are calling for a boycott of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Standard Oil is part of the Rockefeller Industrial Empire which makes the rich get richer by exploiting the people and ecology of the world. It is one of the companies which stands to gain the most from oil investments in Southeast Asia. For more information on the boycott, contact the Standard Oil Committee, 343 South Dearborn, Chicago, 60604. Tele: 922-6578.



NOTE: In February, during the assault on the Ho Chi Minh trail, the U.S. did indeed send combat troops into Laos, while claiming that no ground forces were involved.



wishbone ash

About a year ago something magical happened in London. Wishbone Ash was formed.

Once in a great while, a group comes together and creates a certain kind of magic. Like Wishbone Ash. They make music that's distinctive, and totally original.

Their kind of magic has already spread from Fillmore West to Fillmore East.

But don't take our word for it. Listen for yourself.

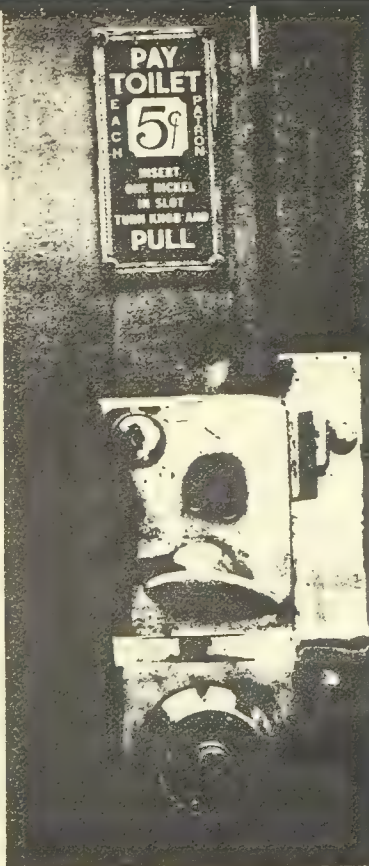


Decca Records, A Division of MCA Inc.

Elton John
All we can say is listen.

Elton John and The Piano Men. A Division of MCA Inc.

SHIT



O, Shit. How beautiful for compost heaps, for amber wads of humus... Yet abused and neglected--degraded by toilet-training ethic and Sanitation Department into human wastage. Our effluent society's treatment of excrement is one more example of its suppression of life-promoting energy. Consider the fertilizing aspect of human excreta in regard to some of its valuable components. The annual production per million of adult population is about six- to twelve-million pounds of nitrogen, two- to four-million pounds of potassium, and eight thousand to three-million pounds of phosphorous. But we have the great achievement of indoor plumbing, so we misplace our resource into lakes, rivers and sea.

Some of us are beginning to recognize more and more instances of industrial/consumer America trashing good resources in favor of over-using those which have noxious repercussions. We are aware that no organism can continue to live amidst his own poison-

nous by-products, no matter what the Gross National Product; and we think about recycling, renovating, preserving wilderness, enjoying simple gifts. And we wonder whether the poisonous practices can be stopped.

Some people who have this consciousness of the necessity for alternatives to self-destructive ways are forming a workshop, as part of the Learning and Survival Center at Alice's, which deals with non-polluting power sources. The aim of this workshop is to explore and actually construct means of obtaining power--primarily for application to transportation vehicles. Transportation and related industries are among the most anti-life. The remainder of this article describes two of the possible areas which the workshop may get into.

One anticipated project is to convert a vehicle to run on the clean-burning fuel of natural gas. Euphoria Blimpworks has donated their raunchy old step-van for the laboratory animal. Conversion of a gasoline beast into a methane beast involves such tinkering as raising the compression, altering the hot-spot gizmo in the intake manifold, installing two pressure regulators, modifying the carburetor, increasing the efficiency of the cooling system, and advancing the timing. The net result of these alterations can be a 25% increase in engine efficiency, a 93% reduction in hydrocarbon exhaust, a 97% reduction in carbon monoxide, and less wear on engine parts than with corrosive gasoline--thus, less repair expenditures. The fuel costs will be negligible, as the plan is to generate natural gas from the subject of this article's first paragraph. Yup, SHIT. And urine, too.

Maybe you have read in the *Whole Earth Catalogue* about the guy in England who runs his car from the gas produced during the anaerobic decay of chicken shit, "The methods really very simple," he says. "You just put about three buckets of manure into a sealed oil drum. Put a small oil heater under the drum to keep the manure at a steady 80 degrees...I keep replenishing my manure supply. I run my car about six months before I clean out the tank and start with fresh dung." The Blimp truck will be run on organic, natural, unpretentious gas produced in a similar, anaerobic digestion tank; the plan is to use the high carbon-and-nitrogen-content stuff most readily available to us here in the city--namely human excrement and table scraps; adding sawdust, straw and other cellulosic material to increase gas production.

The anaerobic bacteria thrive in that warm, moist environment of nitrogen and phosphorus compounds. As they metabolize those nutrients, the material is broken down into water, CO₂, hydrogen sulfide, methane gas, and a sludge residue, (which, as a nitrogen source, can be a good bacteria stimulator for compost heaps.) The gas can be collected during the digestion process in bottles, plastic balloons, or tanks--depending on the use to which the gas is put. Domestic applications for anaerobic methane generators for lighting, cooking and heating seem to be feasible, also. In *Mother Earth News* No. 3, there is a detailed article on the subject of construction and use of digesters.

Another possible power source worth exploring is the superflywheel, a wedge shaped bundle of filaments whose special design allows it to rotate at upwards of 20,000 rpm, meaning it has an enormous amount of mechanical energy that can be converted to electrical energy when a generator is hooked up to it. The electricity thus generated could drive electric motors connected to each wheel axle. Essentially, the super-flywheel is an energy storage device that has its energy in kinetic form, rather than the electro-chemical form of storage batteries. The inventor of this device, D.W. Rabenhorst of Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Lab., is in the process of building a prototype vehicle. It will be able to travel 110 miles at 55 mph before the flywheel must be spun up to its peak rate again by plugging in an electric motor that will reaccelerate the wheel. This vehicle will operate with no engine noise; no exhaust; with no need of a clutch, transmission, drive shaft, differential, cross axles, battery or associated electrical equipment, cooling system, or fuel system. A quiet revolution is occurring at the Applied Physics Laboratory, perhaps.

Rabenhorst even has a grant from the federal government; he is a verified, professional scientist. But revolutionary technological chances can be worked by us uncertified experimenters, as well. Edison is a prime case of a crank tinkerer. Van Leeuwenhoek sold ribbons while he was not scrutinizing through his microscope. Orville and Wilbur were operating something like the Turin Bicycle shop. In former times, scientists tended to be amateurs and probably benefited from the absence of the professionalism that we know today. If you're interested in unprofessional power technology, the number to call for further information is 327-1673. (Ask for Howard).

FREE SCHOOL



The so-called history texts tell us about white male history but leave out what many other groups contributed and accomplished. We need to know about the glorious contributions of women, of Native Americans, of blacks, of Mexicans, of Puerto Ricans. We should know about the struggles of working people and sharecroppers. We will not be interested in covering ground. We will introduce these different parts of our history and let students take what inspires and interests them. Book lists will be available; rap will be available and we will tell where and what to buy in reasonable pocket books. We will meet weekly on Thursdays at six beginning April 8th. For further info, call Eugene Feldman, 624-8121.

FREE SCHOOLS WORKSHOP

meeting Saturday at noon.

After 4 meetings--inspiration and frustration!--the Free School Workshop has decided on the following practical directions:

1. setting up a free school for children ages 5-12 in the Lincoln Park community by next fall--beginning with basic theoretical discussions (see below), and continuing with writing a statement of philosophy, finding a place and making commitments.

2. working with Alice's Children's program on Saturday afternoons at 2:30--relating to each other by relating to children by relating to an ongoing children's program which welcomes our involvement.

Beginning April 3, we will discuss the following main topics:

1. Learning? Growing!--Curriculum?--Activities! (READ John Holt's "How Children Learn") Does reading have to be taught? What experiences for children should be available in a free school?

2. Environment--Growing Spaces--Corners--Hideouts (Sat. morning trip to several Lincoln Park area schools tentatively planned. CALL) How can available spaces be divided so that KILL THE MONSTER! doesn't knock over the blocks or disturb a games workshop? What materials are most important: paints, blocks, fish, brooms, costumes, computer, books, cardboard boxes, batteries, crowbar, Venus flytrap, taperecorder, gadgets?

3. THE LIVES OF CHILDREN (You must read this book by George Dennison; this book is the Great Divide for this workshop) What are the rules of freedom? Which fights should be encouraged, which must be stopped? How much noise disturbs a child? Should Dick's freedom to openly fantasize about Jane's nipples be allowed to make Jane feel very insecure? Should children have total freedom not to learn? What is a personal relationship between a child and a

child and an adult?

4. Parents' School?--Teachers' School?--Children's School?--School? Who runs the school? Should parents be teachers? Are parents' and teachers' perceptions of learning equally valid? Are parents' and teachers' decisions about using dirty words equally valid? How can school be home, and home be school (or both concepts abolished): similar love, play, problems, learning, discipline, joy?

5. SEX. Girls line up here, boys over there. Don't talk dirty. Story book: Mrs. Rabbit cooks supper for Farmer Rabbit. Only one in the bathroom at a time, please. Mommy and Daddy love each other--that's how you were born. Boys don't cry. Girls don't fight. Sex lesson: how little birdies were born & how flowers grow. Men shouldn't be nursery teachers, should be principals.

If this grabs you, if you like children, if you are a parent dissatisfied with public schools, if you are likely to lose your teaching job this spring, if you can think about kids having freedom without freaking out--stop by (Sat. noon, 950 W. Wrightwood) or call us. (525-3353--Kim, John or 477-9771--Mark).

SMASH ALL PRISONS NOW!

On May 1, a 9.9 million building program to "improve and expand" the county jail system will begin. We are calling a demonstration to protest/resist the expansion of captive space which, in the context of these times, can only lead to an intensification of repression. We feel that the energy and money being spent on these programs could be better allocated to combat the conditions which cause crime, such as poverty and racism. We are also calling for the abolition of the entire prison system and a reconstruction of human relationships in a context of freedom. Our main purpose is abolition and we don't want to get lost in a cloud of questionable reforms. At the same time, however, we do not wish to disparage those who are working to relieve the present sufferings of the victims of the system.

At this May Day time, we are especially concerned because this program begins by building more unfree space for women. Women's conditions in prisons are often worse than those of men, and decades of prison experience show that reform and rehabilitation programs either do not work or make matters worse. Much of the state's punishment of women tends to be punishment for their sex. (Women are arrested for prostitution, but their "johns" go free.) Once in prison, women are channeled into programs established by males to "fulfill feminine role expectations."

But prisons are catholic in their application; they are used to threaten everybody. The war in Vietnam would be inconceivable without prisons, because the army would never get the combat infantry it needs without the draft. Prisons are used to threaten those who do not want to pay for the war. As resistance increases, the prison system under the guise of benevolent rehabilitation, enlarges to contain it.

To begin the construction of prison space on May Day is a travesty, because May Day has traditionally been a labor-freedom day. This desecration is especially felt, because May Day gets its character from the martyrdom of five anarchists who were framed and hanged in connection with the Haymarket affair of 1886. This is a fitting day to begin a reverse process: the undoing of the prison system and other repressive apparatus of the state, and pioneering the reconstruction of freedom.

Under the *Red Sky Blue Sky* umbrella of anti-anarchist tendencies:

- 1) Erisian Liberation Front
- 2) Green and Pleasant Collective
- 3) Siren (the anarcho-feminists)
- 4) Solidarity Bookshop
- 5) Starship collective
- 6) the Street Sheet people
- 7) Others, innominate and unaffiliated.

MORE TO COME

RITA COOLIDGE



A&M Records and Tapes

IF YOU'RE WHITE,
THIS RECORD WILL SCARE
THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.
IF YOU'RE BLACK,
THIS RECORD WILL SCARE
THE NIGGER OUT OF YOU.

THE LAST POETS

Douglas 7
This Is Madness
The Last Poets

This Is Madness is The Last Poets' second album.
On Douglas Records and Tapes.

MUSIC
IS NEWS

What's news? For that matter,
what's music? Where you find
it, like love. And love is, after all.

Possum: A first album that welcomes you with the warmth of family, brings you into the circle to sit in front of the fire and join in the singing. You'll be at home. So play Possum, and see how you like it.

Goose Creek Symphony: "How do you do, come on and over . . . you know you're welcome anytime." So begins *Welcome to Goose Creek*, the second rollicking, friendly album by today's best-loved underdiscovered group. Dig it. Be happy.

Leo Kottke: He describes his voice: "like geese farts on a muggy day." Here you discover how well "GFOAMD" sound when coupled with Leo Kottke's legendary and delicious guitar. Both fine. Both believable.

Gene MacLellan: Canada's award-winning songwriter (*Snowbird*, *Put Your Hand In The Hand*) debuts as performer, singing ten of his own. Giving truth to the rumor that true validity comes when the singer and the song are one.



Fifth in a series of drawings
commissioned by Capitol from John Van Hammersveld



Dear Seed,

I never knew the SEED until I was stationed at Ft. Sheridan (for some strange reason, the SEED is not sold in Boulder). However it was love at first sight. For a prisoner in the Green Machine, facing daily, constant military madness, the SEED is a voice of love and light. I read it religiously when it comes out and pass it around the barracks where everyone reads it. All I can say is that the SEED and Alices have helped me get it back together for myself, have strengthened my determination not to be a good german, and have been welcome refuges of sanity. Keep on trucking and one of these days the Green Machine will crumble into dust.

-Yossarian

Dear Seed,

The Last Community meeting I was at was shitty. Most people were yelling! I'm a newcomer in Chicago and its a nice place (Not including People and Pollution) Some people are so hipicritical. Everybody should be democratic. My home in Chicago is TOC. The peple there I think are far out.

The End
Jan Miller (9 yrs. old)

Dear Seed,

Today's Army wants to join YOU! It's already got William Calley Jr. Peace,
Stitt F.U.D.

Seed,

The Sports Shorts by "Specs" Peck was too far fucking out!
I was really fucked over by a high school basketball coach and now by many more who were used or used up in a similar fashion. It was right there I started to see how fucked up Amerikan society - education, army, robot job, etc. really was. I learned what hundreds of black kids all over the West Side already knew. They had ten times the talent their white suburban counterparts had. But they were taken care of by coaches who didn't like their "attitude" and/or the ridiculous Amerikan education system. It didn't matter how good you were; you had to please the coach with a sniveling-giving in attitude - automatically respecting some middle aged bastard because he was a coach.

I'm really excited about Free City Music and the Festival of Energy.
But last year on that day everyone was supposed to make noise I hopped on the North Avenue bus to the park. There were only the black congo players who are there every Sunday anyway. Where were all those who saw Mason Profit, Pure Smack, Wilderness Road, etc. etc. How about all those complaining about getting ripped off for \$5 at the Syndrome? Is the "community" that strong? Its seems to be whenever attracted by a big name or something for free.
What the fuck, people - let's see what energy there really is in the new generation, alternative culture.
A big question to you all:
Where do the younger people fit in who had little or no part in the demonstrations, Chicago convention and other experiences mentioned in your Seeditorial? There are a lot of people just coming into -uh- awareness. You can push

em on but there are a lot of budding radicals really turned off. Look at those at the Syndrome. They just come for the big revolutionary illusion, but it's a start.
Was there any reaction to that letter of mine you printed? The North West side really isolates you from others unless you "know" them from school or something. We need something to get a great deal of people together up here instead of us going down to Alices and well yeah sort of ruining it for those already there in a Haight-Ashbury-Old Town ripped off atmosphere. We need something up here - a newspaper, park gathering, something? Put something definite in your ad part. Like "All those interested in N.W. Side paper, community events, etc., call SEED." Make up a list or something. Maybe Alices (or even at some Park seeing how Alices is probably overtaxed as it is) could have a workshop for this purpose.
Glad to get it down in writing.

John O'Shea Jr.
3108 Osceola

Street sellers are my friends

You're right. Every community should have a coffee house, park, newspaper, etc. We suggest that you and other people you know try to set up the things you recommend. You can contact us for help on layout and printing stuff. You should also talk to Alices and Euphoria Blimpworks for information about coffeehouses and music.

Dear Seed:

This is in reply to the person who signed himself Crybaby and who wrote to the Seed in desperation, looking for some kind of answer. I'm not sure I can give you any answer, but maybe I can give you hope in some small way.
I'm a woman who was raised in a white middle-class enighborhood but, like you, I feel I've never fit in anywhere, with any group of people. I feel very badly about my body, my place as a woman, the games I'm expected to play with men and with other women. I refuse to play these games. I withdraw from people before I even find out what they are, who they are. Like you, I've contemplated--even tried--suicide. I'm still here because of one person who understands me.
In the future I'm moving to the South country. I love the peace and strength of the woods and swamps, but I'm afraid that the serenity of the country won't quiet the conflict within me. I'm constantly wondering if there are other people who are like me, or if I am alone. You make me feel that maybe I'm not alone, that there are people like me who are caught in the circle of not fitting in but who crave a communal-type life in the country. Do I make any sense? I don't know, but I hope I've given you some sense of acceptance. I probably sound corny, but I'm not much good at writing letters. Just try to believe that small penises don't make a person any less a person, and that introversion and shyness can be overcome with time and the right friends. There are other people who cry a lot, masturbate a lot, and who are shy and lonely, and these people would like very much to be able to communicate with others who understand what it's like to feel alone in an overpopulated world. If you would like to reply to my letter, the Seed has my address to give to you. There's no reason to be shy, because I'm shy to.

Chris

Crybaby: the Seed has several letters for you.

Listen
War!
Economy vs Environment.

"Fighting bring balance"
jobs here,
and there,
and everywhere...
dying for money.

Economy:
psychology
of war,

and industry--
in pretty packages
designs
its own demand;

products,
with obsolescence planned,
mirrors of new models
pre-planned,
already damned.

Revolution screams,
Retreat!
Go back!
At least stand still.

Industry insists
and grows
And Con Edison knows!
to televise toasters
produces

POWER

generating,
burning bread (Country's Delight)
and burning and bread
and still more smoke.

But banners of blemishes boast
"We stop skin pollution!"
The nerve of them,
to use that term
to make still more.

Ecology

is not a fad--
you fad-ad men
"It's IN," you indicate,
"INS make money."

But INS go out--
go-go girls are gone...
the mini is dead...
don't do it in the lake!

One can't convert
internal
combustion
engines.
But there are those
who can.

It's our country,
it's our world,
and we can do
what we want to.

"Bring the Revolution home."
Let's do it now!

Everyone demand!
(Then no one can say no)

We won't risk the environment
but won't we risk the economy?

Oh, enveloping economy
RISK YOU!!

Not really

Earth, somehow
still
surviving...
supporting
us
signals warning, silently saying

"Apollo 14"
as long as you're leaving--
would you please take out the garbage?

Linda M. Cervan



ECOLOGICAL ALTERNATIVES

What you can do now And further along

TRANSPORTATION

Combining errands—one trip is better than three
Public transportation whenever possible
A low-horsepower car; keeping it in good condition
Low-lead or unleaded gasoline—avoid overfilling

ENERGY CONSUMPTION

Turning lights off when not using them
Low Wattage lightbulbs, except in reading lamps
Turning the heater down and wearing warmer clothes in winter; gentle air conditioning in summer, by opening the house in the cool night and keeping it closed in the day
Less dependence on electric blankets, knives, toothbrushes, can openers, pencil sharpeners. . .
Using the clothes drier only on wet days
Less ironing

Living near where you work or working near your home
Walking, bike riding, spending more time in the neighborhood
Converting your car to propane, or getting an even less pollutive one (or none at all!) Sharing rides.

Sharing the light—working near each other, near windows or outside during the day, candles for soft evening light.
A well insulated house—rugs and wall hangings
More clothing in winter, and little in summer

Real blankets or quilts and muscles—powered by health food!
Hanging clothes in the sunshine, or, on wet days, on a clothes rack near the heater. No ironing!

CLOTHING

Buying good quality clothes and shoes that will last
Giving extra clothes and things to thrift stores
WATER

Turning faucets off—all the way off!—when not using them
Careful dishwashing, not washing too much at one time
Low-phosphate, biodegradable detergents
Filling the bathtub less and bathing together
Enjoying gentler or shorter showers, or showering together
A brick in your toilet tank (saves about one quart of water per flush)
Converting part of your lawn to a garden
Planning for less pavement (let the rain soak in!)

HOUSING

A small house—less furniture, heating, lighting; more cozy
Buying well-rated used appliances and good used furniture

Shopping in thriftstores and/or making your own clothes
Having just a few clothes that you really dig (liberation!)

Turning water on gently—just enough for what you need
Fewer dishes—less dishwashing. Try the one-bowl trip—Your bowl.

Saving bath or shower water for washing clothes, pets, rugs
Flushing less often

Finding out about your local water treatment systems
Liberating your soil by pulling up pavement

Sharing the Household with several friends
Sharing major appliances (washing machine, freezer, sewing machine) with neighbors. Building some furniture

Limiting family size and/or adopting children





FOODS

Buy organic fruits and vegetables—fresh or frozen (not in tin cans)

Buy locally grown processed foods

Save leftovers promptly, in casseroles, soups, salads

Reduce meat consumption, less waste

Try living a less carnivorous diet—exploring vegetable proteins

Make wine at parties, banquets

Buying in quantity to reduce packaging waste

Growing your own fruits and vegetables organically—freezing

Treating yourself to more baked whole grain or extra homemade jam, fresh garden salads

Raising some rabbits and chickens for meat and eggs

Group vegetable scraps to the flautists

Composting for the South

Bees keeping for honey

SYNTHETIC CHEMICALS

Avoiding all chlorinated hydrocarbons (such as DDT)

Demanding less toxic cleaning agents, pesticides, food additives, tooth powder, lemon fizz!

Using a pressure washer to clean driveways, sidewalks or patios
Non-toxic fly and termite traps for garden and kitchen drain
Reducing water consumption—like taking a shower, not a bath
Reducing water consumption—like taking a shower, not a bath

LITTER, CANS, GLASS, PLASTIC

Stop littering—set a good example for others

Save tin aluminum, tin and glass for recycling

Recycle plastic bottles, caps and other plastic containers when possible

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Taking time to pick up litter you see

Going on cleanup parties

Recycling plastic bottles, caps and other plastic containers when possible

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NOISE

Keeping good music on your external combustion engines

Turn off power tools after 10 pm

Recycling plastic bottles, caps and other plastic containers when possible

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.... and all this adds up to:

less contact with machines, pavement, chemicals—more contact with Nature

less dependence on shopping, driving, money-making—a simpler self-reliance

... and all this adds up to:

**see New City Directory, p. 27, for a list of places in the Chicago area to take things to be recycled*



Rock On-Humble Pie

The man on the far left is **Steve Marriott**. ¶ *Rolling Stone* has called him "one of the greatest rockers of all time." If given sufficient time to ponder the matter, one might conceivably think of as many as four men—probably Rod Stewart, Steve Winwood, Procol Harum's Gary Brooker, and Joe Cocker—who sing rock and roll as magnificently as Steve Marriott. ¶ No one, repeat: *no one*, sings rock and roll *more* magnificently than Steve Marriott. ¶ The proof is in the pudding, or, more accurately, in Humble Pie's second A&M album, the roof-raising **Rock On**. ¶ Steve Marriott was the leader of the orig-

inal Small Faces, with whom he never performed in America owing to his lack of confidence about his lead guitar work. ¶ Steve Marriott would perform in America only as rhythm to the lead of a guitarist who could alone bring an audience to its feet. In Steve Marriott's expert estimation, **Peter Frampton**, far right, is such a guitarist. ¶ The proof is again in Humble Pie's second A&M album, the roof-raising **Rock On**. ¶ Not to over-react to what we've got on our hands, but bet on **Rock On** to leave neither many non-believers nor the many intact rooves in its wake. Produced by Glyn Johns. **A&M Records and Tapes.**



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We pay postage and Tax.

POSITIVELY MAIN STREET: An Unorthodox View of Bob Dylan. By Toby Thompson. Coward-McCann Inc., N. Y. 187 pp. \$5.95.

Of course one must start out a review of a book about Bob Dylan with a quote from Bob Dylan, and my choice is: "Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you..." Toby Thompson?

Or maybe Thompson, the author of this very silly, even irritating (to Dylan freaks and non-freaks alike, I suspect) book, DOES know. Hoping to become the Tom Wolfe of the teenyboppers, he writes:

"Dylan had been good to me over the years. . . . He'd gotten me girls, grades, money for performing, money for writing, and a headstart in the new journalism. I felt a certain obligation to continue our relationship as long as it remained profitable."

And that is pretty much what this book is all about. Thompson, a young singer and writer and Dylan-freak like the rest of us, decided that it might be interesting and, of course, "profitable," to visit Dylan's home town, Hibbing, Minnesota, and probe into the background of the young Dylan-ne-Zimmerman through interviews with family, friends, and anybody else who would talk to him.

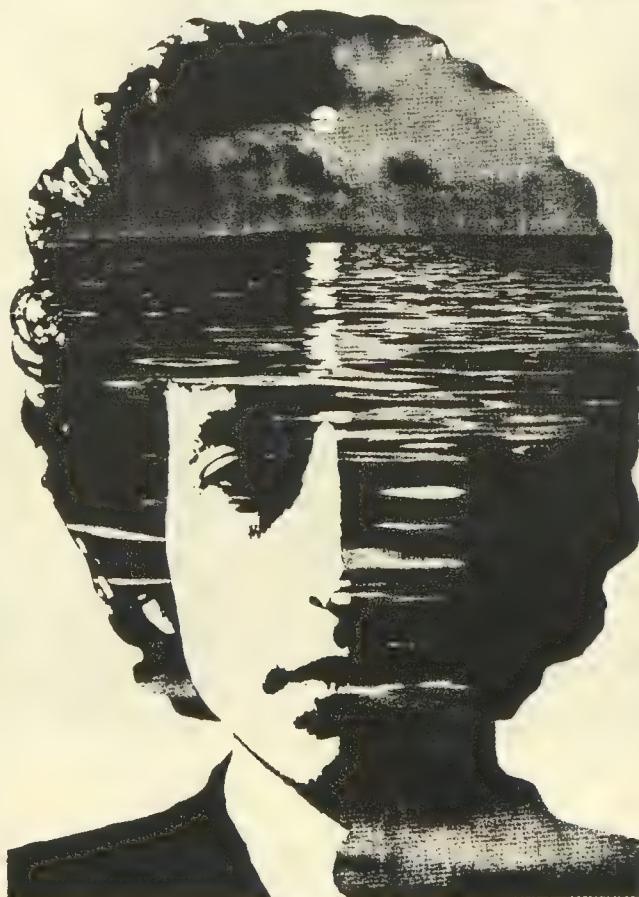
Well, okay. Everyone who is dedicated to an artist, be it Dylan or Jean-Luc Godard or William Shakespeare, has wondered what background and influences shaped the artist and his art, and Dylan, being a legendary, somewhat mysterious and idolized figure, has set an uncommon number of fans to wondering.

And, from the standpoint of PURE curiosity, *Positively Main Street* is an interesting book—gossip-column interesting, but interesting nonetheless.

It is interesting to read that Dylan's family and friends all deny the stories, gleaned from album liner notes, about his bizarre childhood; put them all down as manufactured public relations and insist that Bobby Zimmerman's middle-class Jewish childhood was as normal as they come (it is this "discovery" that the book's title alludes to). It is interesting to read of Dylan's brother describing his (Dylan's) motorcycle accident of a few years ago: "Know how Bob hurt himself on that motorcycle? He was riding around the back yard on the grass and slipped. That's all. The newspapers played it up big."

And it is interesting to read of Dylan's mother saying "Bob never used drugs . . . Why, he won't even take an aspirin," though how that squares with John Lennon's quote (Rolling Stone, Feb. 4, 1971)—". . . we (Dylan and I) were both on . . . junk . . ."—we shall probably never know.

DYLAN



I say that the book is interesting only because I think a book of this type, a peep through the keyhole of the life of a still-living legend, must be MORE than interesting, must have some "redeeming importance" in contributing to an understanding of Bob Dylan as an artist, to be worth anything. Offhand, I can't think of one book about a rock star that I have read that has this "redeeming importance" and I don't think *Positively Main Street* is any exception.

First, what is its so-important message? That Bob Dylan is middle-class, and doesn't, or didn't, want to be. I think this "message" is abundantly evident in any number of his songs, especially "Ballad of a Thin Man"—that was no "working-class hero" striking out at the intellectuals of his past who had "read all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books"—and I can't see that we need Toby Thompson to tell us what Dylan has already told us, beautifully.

Beyond this thin thread of "sociology," the book is little more than a piece of slick fan-mag writing by a young man who pompously poses as an apostle of The New Journalism, virtually begging the reader to link his name to those of Wolfe, Mailer and Breslin.

To his credit, Thompson ALMOST spoofs himself and his style. His chapters are titled "One Gush," "Macro-gush," "Intro-gush," etc. And that first paragraph—pretty typical of the ego-tripping, pseudo-Wolfish style of the whole book—can he MEAN it or is it, and all that follows, just an elaborate parody of the style that Thompson SEEMS to be aping so seriously:

"Hey listen! If you're REALLY a Dylan buff, I mean tuned right into the stereo microgrooves of his soul CHARISMA you'll get a big kick out of this. I just finished speaking with the "Girl from the North Country" on the phone . . . Pretty impressive, huh?"

But by the time Thompson tells us—tells us!—that "An entire generational pudding should ooze through your skull if I play my cards right," we are pretty resigned to it. This is to be a NOW! book. This is THE book, fans! WOW! And it all reminded me a little of the cover of this week's Teen Queen magazine, or whatever it's called: I HAD CHOCOLATE SODA WITH BOBBY SHERMAN! SEE PAGE 3!

I TALKED TO BOB DYLAN'S MOTHER! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

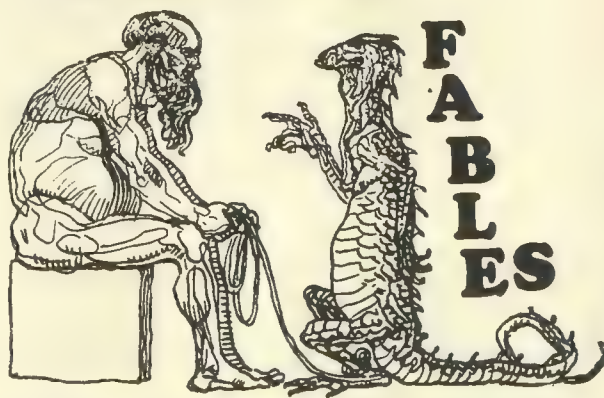
Richard Goldstein, who wrote the epilogue (called "postgush") to this book, may find it "a real story about a real writer searching out the underpinnings of a personal myth," but Dylan himself, commenting on the articles in the Village Voice on which the book was based just said, "That boy . . . this fellow, Toby . . . has got some lessons to learn." I am inclined to agree.

—Pauline Dubkin



In the last issue we commented on the final death throes of the Syndrom. With it hopefully goes the quick-hip-rip style of entertainment, high prices, poor sound equipment, large crowd crowds. . . the list goes on and on. Many people are drawn to these death centers only because they have no where else to go (or so they think), but hidden away in various dark corners of the city are places you can go to, where the emphasis is on talent and creative ability. The only difference between them and the former is money. The big hype given by record companies, your super groovy disc jockey, and sadly enough, F.M. "underground" stations perpetuates the Syndrome disease.

AESOP'S



FABLES



Places like the Columbia College Center, 3257 N. Sheffield offer an alternative. Playing there now and through April are Aesop's Fables. By combining music (two guitars, two drums, bass, horn and violin), a dynamite light show and a theater cast, a wonderful night is in store. Their performance of four short stories from Aesop's Fables are very well done. Lions, mice, chickens, ants, frogs and various little and big creatures can be viewed dancing, playing and philosophizing their way through an enjoyable hour and 1/2. By all means you should try to make this show. Places like Columbia's Free Theater should not only be encouraged, but also supported by the community. Their only support is by donation. For more information contact them at 929-6920.



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SEEDS

We would like to tell you the story of Edwin Scoggins before AP or UPI pick up and distribute a distorted version, and thereby misinterpret what has happened.

Edwin Scoggins hails from Clinton, Missouri, but ran away at the age of eight. His parents subsequently sent a photo to the local paper and asked anyone who had seen him to send him home. They would have been surprised to know where he was headed—



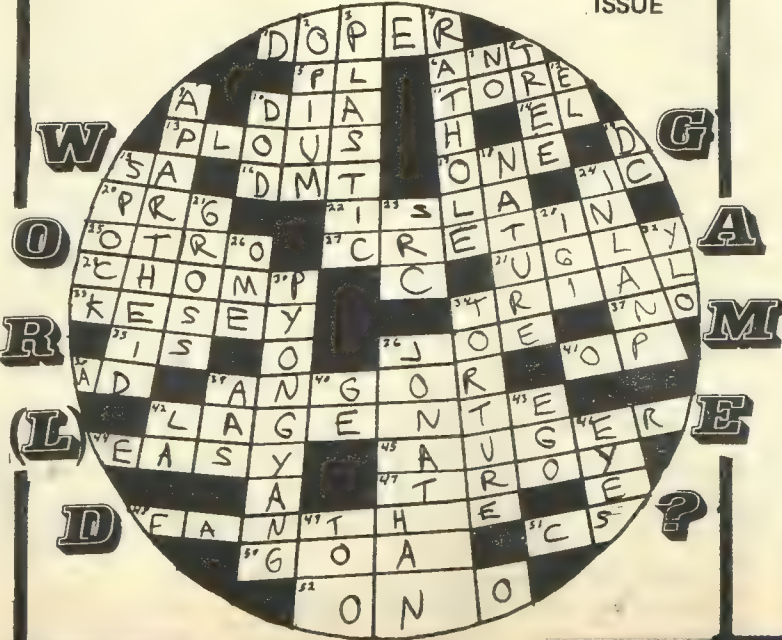
EDWIN SCOGGINS
Clinton, Mo.

to Canada to avoid the draft—and even more surprised that he ended up in Chicago—he ran out of money. For over ten years Edwin lived from doorway to doorway, ducked from alley to alley to avoid being caught and sent home because he was underage. He relied on panhandling, shining shoes and washing windows to barely scrape out enough to have breakfast every day. It was a hard life.

Occasionally someone would give him a J if they had no spare change, and Edwin learned to enjoy life despite his hard times. He got into the whole dope scene and started dealing. During one transaction someone handed him a kilo wrapped in a spacey newspaper. Edwin got so involved in the paper that he almost got busted because he just sat down on the sidewalk with the kilo to read the Chicago Seed. Fortunately someone came by and suggested he take his purchase inside before he got into trouble. In the Seed Edwin saw a notice that it was possible to make money by selling the Seed. You could buy them for 20¢ and sell them on the street for 35¢—the 15¢ a copy was your to keep. When Edwin realized that 950 W. Wrightwood was only a few blocks away, he wondered why he'd never noticed the Seed before, and he rushed over, and with his last \$5 he bought 25 Seeds. That day he went home with \$8.75 in his pocket and a mixture of vibes in his head—good ones from the people who bought the paper from him and rapped a while, poor ones from those who scoffed at him. Last summer Edwin was out everyday hawking The Seed, selling close to 100 a day, and at the end of the warm weather he retired, took his savings, bought a van, and head south towards New Mexico. (where were you during the cold, miserable months when we needed you?). So now it is getting warm again, and since we no longer have Edwin, we need you to help get the Seed on the street, and maybe you need us, to give you a painless (practically) way to earn some bread.

—edwin

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE FOUND IN LAST
ISSUE



GROPING TOGETHER (continued from page 9)

actually look at the rubble of what used to be a building where military research was done.

Much of my political energy goes into an alternative learning center. Some of us are into information survival workshops in the community. So far, we haven't been able to make the third world people a part of this effort, but I think we can do that in the future. I feel pretty frustrated about my own lack of knowledge about anyone other than freaks.

I think we're all in accord about at least a cultural revolution, but just living an alternate lifestyle requires a hell of a lot of work and time. Each of us had at least fifteen years, many of us more, of more/less traditional Amerikan upbringing and there's a lot of shit inside us that has to be brought out and discarded. We're eleven untogether heads in many ways, and sometimes the only thing we seem to have in common is struggle.

This isn't a typical commune (that may be a non-existent entity), but I think our family has some experiences we share with others—some of the same joys and fears. The process of living together must have some common elements for everyone who tries it.

We want to learn how to be self-sufficient, hopefully in the context of a larger community, and how to fulfill our basic survival needs. More and more, we're finding it possible to make it outside the System. I'm often amazed at how easy it is not to be part of the labor-consumer force.

I feel very optimistic about our future. Possibly, Amerika will crush us, even if we do get it together among ourselves, but with all the hassles and struggles and threats, I still feel that we're doing a good and important thing. The warmth we give each other is starting to replace our hostilities and fears.

I don't know how to ensure our survival, but so far I think I'm making it and I think we're making it. Our commune is an experiment. At times it seems to be failing miserably, but more and more I find myself thinking that it will succeed.

Virginia

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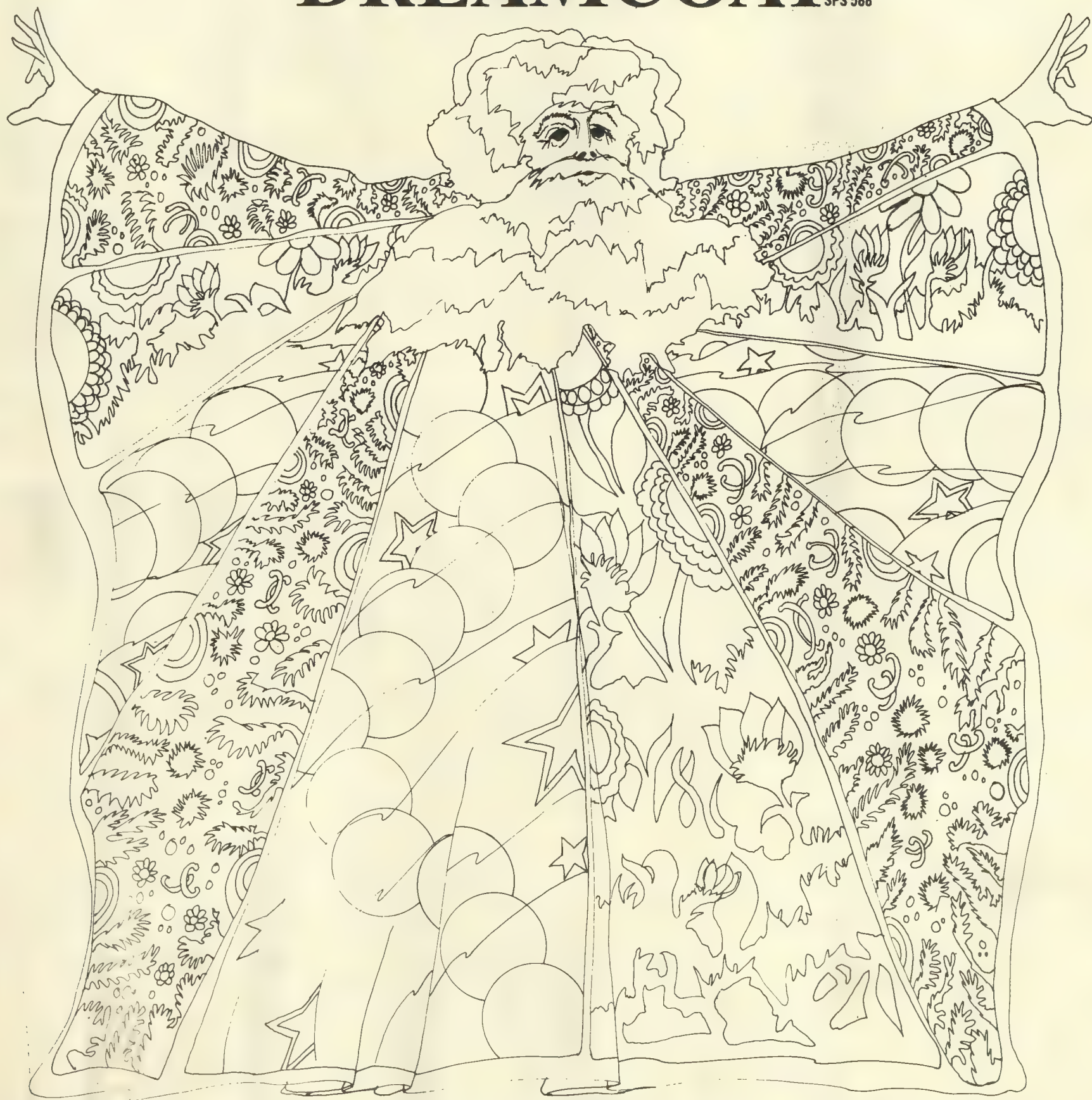
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Starving Band "Hill" needs work where it'll be appreciated. Do wide variety of progressive rock. Mostly B.B. King & Neil Young type material. Suburbs won't listen to music if they can't dance to it. We need work in coffee houses and small clubs badly. Call Mike 766-4337 or Dave 766-0919.

Chick needs group to sing with, blues-rock, call Alfie 675-4328;

Girl Bass player wanted for established rock group. Call Peggy 448-1436.

Electric violin player wants to work in rock group, Earl McWilliams II, 801 NE. Jefferson Ave., Peoria, 309-673-7051.

Serious, experienced bass player needed to complete country rock group doing original material. Must be competent. Kirly 864-8262 or Arnie 432-9358

MISC.

coming soon! Kittens, call 944-1106 between 9am and 4:30 pm for reservations, ask for Lark.

This is Special Communique no. 1 from the HEART of DICKSIE (the asshole of the nation). There are Heads alive, but slowly dying, down south. Being trapped in Middle Amerikkka (Tricia and David, Spiro, Strom, and the rest of the good-old-boys IS A bummer. What is needed is OUT! We are looking for people who are interested in splitting the ulcerated death factory and seeking refuge in a remote local, where we can do our shit without fear of The Man. Hard work (for a good cause) and some good heads can make a heavy scene. If interested contact us. A commune is yours for the effort. SET YOUR CHICKENS FREEEEEE!!!! The Tallahassee Weird Waldo's, Box 9999

Man (43), woman (38) and child (12) wonder if there are any other healthy and intelligent human beings of either sex and any age who have considered a new society physically removed from the old. Home could be a large ketch or other seaworthy boat. In time, the group might even find an island or mainland place that could serve as a second home—though there are obviously no guarantees. Naturally, all who set out must be in agreement on the intellectual, spiritual, emotional physical and sexual nature of man. If you have gotten past images and are exploring essentials, and are entirely serious, write in detail and fee free to put any questions. G.T., Western/Pacific Assoc., 607 Market St., San Francisco, Ca, 94105.

Found—watch lost by two hitchhikers on Sat. night March . Call 3-Penny Cinema and leave message for Sandra

We want to start a workshop-commune-coffee shop, eliminate rip-off prices on candles, leather, what have you. If you are interested in working or buying or donating know-how contact Grace or Bob 348-2334.

I am leaving country and need to find home for my full grown striped female cat (fixed). She is a good companion and moderately crazy. If you think you could come to love her please call 327-5041 eves., or 427-1550 days, before April 23rd.

Women's History Research Center, Inc., 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Ca. 94708. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for information or call 524-7772 in Berkely.

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Siamese male cat needs home. Free. Name Ely, call 761-5341

Have free set of encyclopedias, 825-0307.

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Ride wanted to Mexico City or California, and back, around Easter. Fanny 472-4846.

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Going west coast and need ride or someone to split "expense" of a driveway. Call Don 337-3181 or 726-6560. Will settle for Colorado in a pinch.

Ride wanted to New York area, willing to share expenses. Mary 761-6885.

Need ride to California, call 761-5341.

4 girls need ride to California around middle of June, will help with expenses, call anytime. 219-882-0862 Jessica, Ellen, Randi, Kathy.

Ride needed to Houston soon—can share expenses. Call 3-Penny Cinema 528-9126 and ask for or leave message for Sandra.

Two people need ride to D.C. April 26, will share expenses. Call after 3pm 775-3130 John.

CRIBS

Seedling needs secluded, sedate room or two w/bath somewhere in Lincoln Park, no hassles please, dependable. Uncle Martin 929-0133.

Responsible person wanted to share trailer in Melrose Park. Must like cats, no Capricorns. \$70/month, 456-5183.

Two brothers would like to rent a house, apt., or storefront from April 30 to June 30. Can pay reasonable rent. Philip or Richard 728-3438.

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For sale: records of all kinds—cheap! rock, jazz, folk, pop, blues, etc. Limited supply. Leave message Charly 666-9621.

Want to sell my Fender Showman amp \$300 or best, call Don 337-3181 or 726-6560 (will throw in one "boss tone").

Fender Telecaster \$250 or best, Hofner Lead \$350 or best (both new, after 10pm 986-1733).

For sale: black vinyl and walnut sofa/hideabed, black vinyl and walnut reclining chair, bubble swag lamp, tan utility table, ice cream table with chairs, for appt to see call 267-9128.

Accordian for sale, best offer. 528-4126 after 7 pm. leave message for Steve.

For that special occasion, 1948 Packard Hearse like new inside and out, monstrous, \$695 or offer. 475-5067 eves.

For sale: schwenn varsity 10-speed bike, like new, \$50. Tom HE6-0693.

Double bed, antique vanity, many books, records, misc groovy things for your apt., any of which I will sell cheap or trade for some good used luggage. Please call before April 23. 327-5041 eves., or 427-1550 days.

3x2ft safe without combination lock \$10. 825-0307.

MESSAGES

Keith—Grandma Saugus is very ill. Her ESP keeps her constantly worrying about you. Please will you come home, right away, before she finds out you're gone? Everyone loves you, call for plane fare. 362-5081, Mom.

Sage—take a sad song and make it better. Debby.

Doug & Doug: Hide, witch, hide, The good folks hath come to burn thee—sincerely, R.J. & Walt

Will the chick on the bus on Grand Ave who yelled "Peace, Brother" to me on St. Patrick's Day please write to Seed Box 903. I think I love you.

Yes, I found your boots in my car. Lake Shore Dr., March 21. 421-2634 Rick.

Steve Marvos, Happy Birthday from Ron (3 Parrow), Su and Sarah Rufer. 2447 W. Pensacola Chgo 60618.

Linda Modderman (or anyone who has contact with her), we all miss ya and want ya back. If ever in Grand Rapids call Jan D (from ECH).

Sue Digiacommo please call Sam G. 288-3893 to let them know you're alive.

Joe Dorsey Holmes—I am going to the ABC in early May. Will be through Chgo both ways. Let me know how to contact you. Bob Tomlinson.

Dale Tally: call Lil John (from Hyde Park) immediately! 672-7317.

WANTED

Wanted—Irish setter, m, 5-9 months old, call 472-4846.

Wanted—V.W. bus, condition doesn't matter. call Everette at Gilman collect (815) 265-4206.

A Chicago branch for WPAX radio (the radical alternative to the Armed Forces Radio Network) has been started and is producing tapes of mid-west music and news. These tapes will be broadcast not only to GI's abroad but through various highly progressive "underground" radio stations in America, including Radio Free Chicago.

Tapes are to be produced in 5, 10 and 25 minute segments. If you have any produced tape, empty 7" reels or ideas for programming or news interviews, send it to WPAX—Chicago, in care of the Chicago Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago 60614. Financial contributions are also greatly needed.

I need I.D.s. call 778-8650, ask for Steve only.

We are starting a youth center in the Uptown area and don't have any place to start! We also need paper, pens, bread, etc. Please help. Send to Andy Willey c/o Purple Valley Youth Center, 4731 N. Magnolia, Chgo, 60640

Anyone interested in joining or contributing (ideas, material votes) to a small (but growing) left of center political party contact Ted 539-2680 or write American Radical Party c/o T. Kuhn, 3851 N. Albany, Chgo 60618.

Radio Free Chicago is returning to the air 4-23 but still needs equipment to do it with. RFC needs mixers, tape decks, portable tape recorders, cart machines, turntables, tonearms, mike stands, mikes, echo units, equalizers, compresor-limiter, typewriters, file cabinets, test equipment, any spare electronics or audio equipment, and bread if you can spare it. Broken equipment is cool and will be fixed or used for parts. Working stuff is beautiful. Leave message at 929-0122. Thanx.

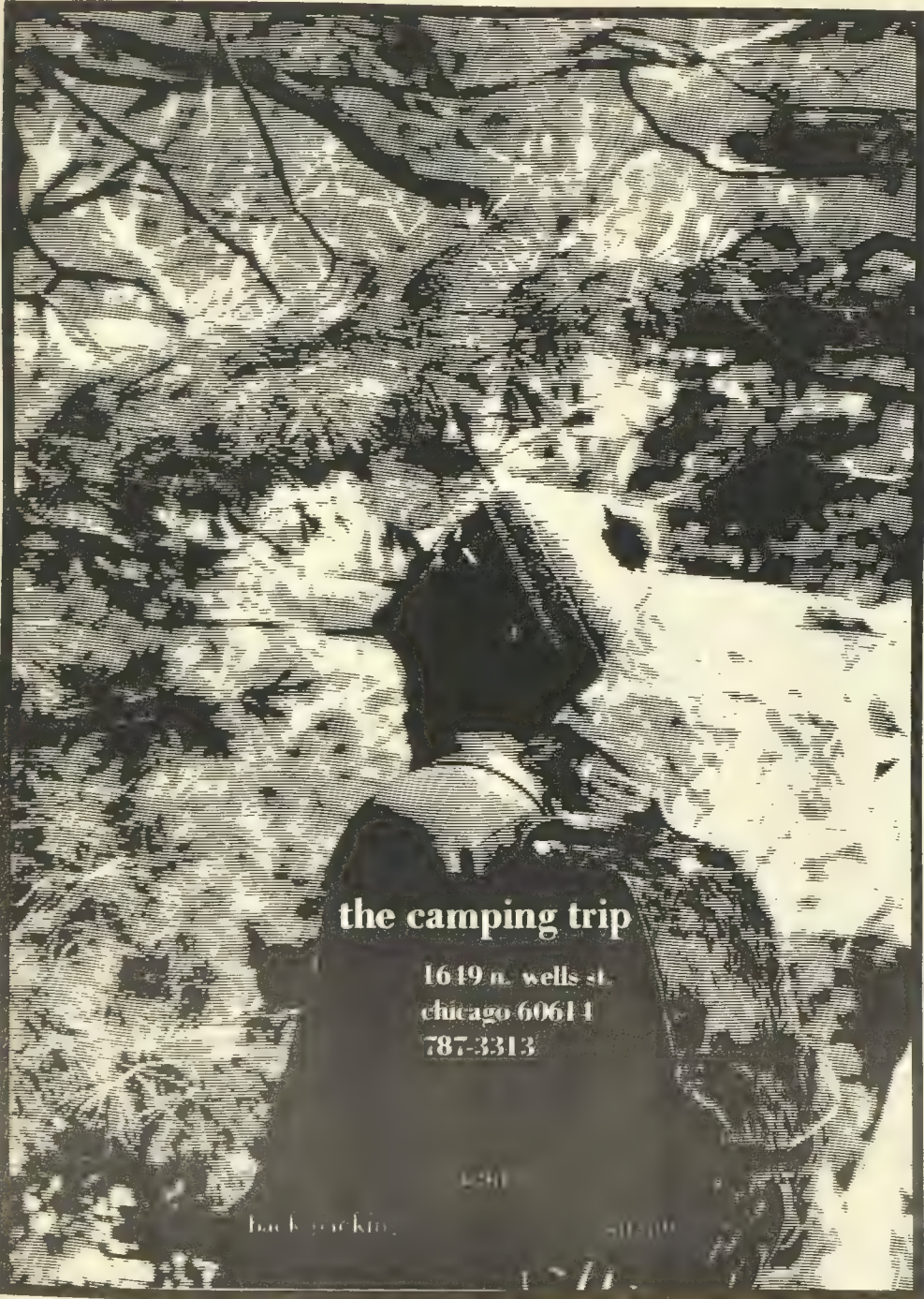
GIGS

Truckin—I have a half ton truck and will help you move or haul or whatever, call Bill at 528-6091.

Soul and regular food cook needs job—if you know anybody who digs "cuisine", no more than 30 P. call me, Ed, NO 7-9556.

Minor repairs and adjustments for guitars, cheap. Also intermediate guitar lessons, learn by ear, or by reading music \$2.50 an hour. FR6-3415. Ray, eves. Keep tryin.

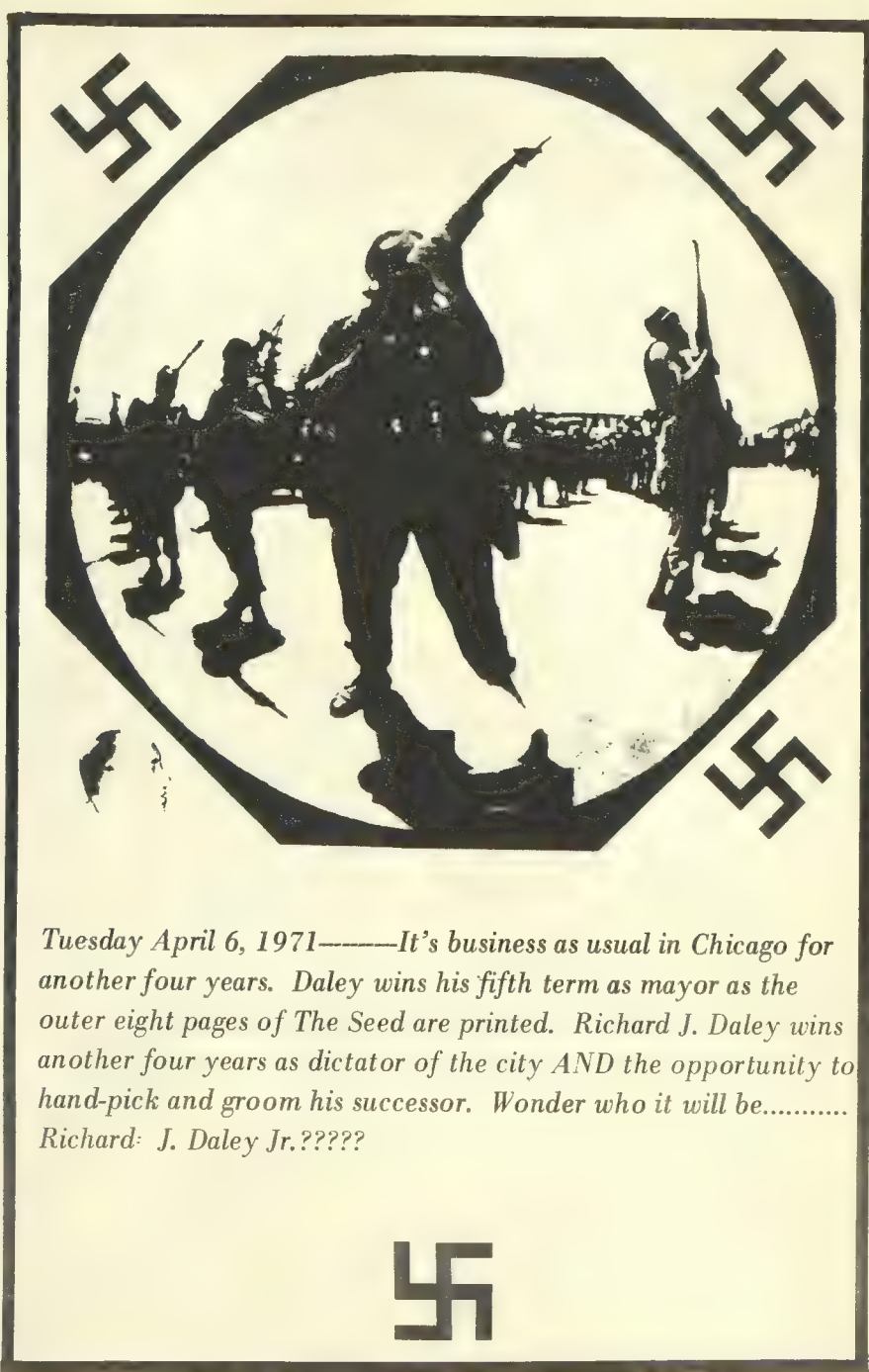
This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped-off let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone—bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone & address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature, to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. You may request a box number. Any more questions?—call Maralee at the Seed.




the camping trip

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back packing



Tuesday April 6, 1971——It's business as usual in Chicago for another four years. Daley wins his fifth term as mayor as the outer eight pages of The Seed are printed. Richard J. Daley wins another four years as dictator of the city AND the opportunity to hand-pick and groom his successor. Wonder who it will be..... Richard J. Daley Jr.?????




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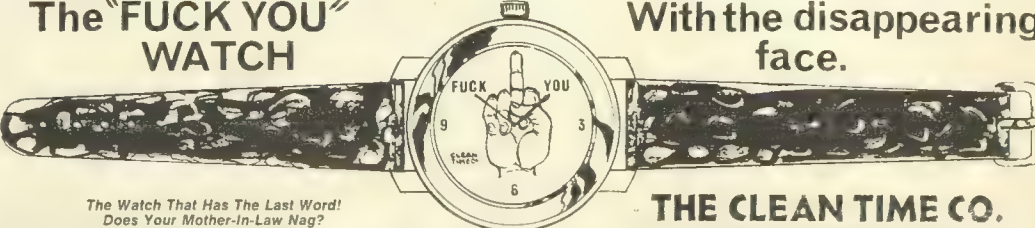
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ART

49TH PARALLELS-NEW CANADIAN ART at Museum of Contemporary art, 237 E Ontario, thru May 16.

COMMUNITY

INTERCOMMUNAL EDUCATIONAL' Sat Apr 10 at 2 PM. 2134 Halsted - Peoples information Center. On Cairo. A Speaker from the United Front and a movie: War in Cairo.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT new members meetings are being held on Wednesdays from 7 to 9 pm at 667 W Barry. Thierry on bell. For further information call 472-2967.

MARCH FOR JUSTICE in support of farm workers now in their eighth month of strike against California and Arizona lettuce growers. March from Providence of God Church, 717 West 18th Street to National Store at Cermak & Hoyne. Gather at 11 am, Sat April 17. Buy union lettuce - demand the Eagle label.

NORTHSIDE WOMENS LIBERATION The Sisters Center, 7071 Glenwood will be open every Thursday evening at 7:30 pm for a rap group and womens history study group. Call 338-6073.

CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE meetings held every Sunday at 3 pm at Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W Fullerton. A communal dinner follows. Rap sessions are held every Thurs at 8 pm at the church.

THE DC 12 DEFENSE COMMITTEE is helping defend a group of gay liberationists busted in Washington during the RPCC. This is a landmark case, potentially setting multiple precedents for homosexual rights. for more info, or to contribute money or moral support, please call 472-5852.

BICYCLE ECOLOGY RALLY on Thurs, Apr 22nd, at the Civic Center - Dearborn & Washington - 5:15 pm - 7 pm.

WOMENS MEETING to discuss the recent trip by women to the Paris peace talks, the womens contingent to the April 24 march on Washington, the Canadian womens conference. April 17, 1-5 pm, at the Christ the King Church, Jackson & Plymouth Court

THEATRE & DANCE

THE DANCE TROUP will present Fossils and Double Play every Wed. at 8 pm through April 14. At 1725 N. Wells St.

AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT by Terrence McNally will be present by The Company through May 2. Performances every Fri, Sat, and Sun at 8:30. Admission \$2, \$1 for students. At Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W Fullerton.

BRECHT, SAROYAN, AND McNALLY once act plays at the Cafe Topa, 3806 N Ashland, Fri and Sat at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Thru May 9. Call 549 - 8618.

GOODMAN THEATRE, 200 S. Columbia Dr, presents 'Poor Bitos' by Jean Ennui, Apr 10 - May 10. 2 pj Thurs, 7:30 pm Tues, Wed, Thurs, 8:30 Fri & Sat.

Children's Theatre Co presents 'Aesops Fables. Thru May 24. Sat & Sun 11:30 am and 2:30 pm.

Goodman Studio Theatre Co presents 'The Cherry Orchard' by Chekov. Apr 10 - 17 M, T, W, Th, Sun at 7:30 pm, Fri & Sat at 8:30 pm. Call CE 6 - 7080.

UNITY ACTORS WORKSHOP, 656 W Barry, presents TARAHUMARAS, a surreal journey celebrated in myth and ritual. Fri & sat at 8:30. \$1 donation for students. \$2 for non-students.

Alice's Revisited, 950 W Wrightwood. Wed at 9 pm. Rapid Transit Guerrilla Theatre, skit and workshop.

OLD TOWN PLAYERS 1718 N North Park, Premiere of 'Goodnight Mrs. Puffin' an English comedy. Fri & Sat at 8:30 pm and Sun at 7:30 pm. Tickets \$2. For reservations call 645-0145.

THE CHICAGO EXTENSION presents improvisational theatre. Sundays at 8:30 at the Body Politic, 2259 N Lincoln. Also catch them at the Radio Free Chicago benefit at the Body Politic, Apr. 10 starting at 7.

THE CIVIC THEATRE, 20 N Wacker, presents 'The Me Nobody Knows', a Broadway rock musical. Mon thru Sat at 8:30 Wed and Sun at 2 pm. Prices run from \$4 to \$7.50 (that's Broadway rock musical prices). Call RA 6-7890 for info.

THAT STEAK JOYNT has a play, as well as food. It's 'Picasso's Moustache' and is at 9 pm on Sun ad Tues-Thurs. At 11:30 on Fri and Sat. Call 943-5091 for reservations.

THEATRE & DANCE

THE ORGANIC THEATRE, 2259 N Lincoln, presents 'Candide' Wed to Fri at 8:30. Tickets are \$2.50. Sat at 10:30 tickets are \$3, Students \$1.50. For reservations, call 477 - 1977.

MOVIES

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Quantrell Auditorium, 2nd floor, 5811 S. Ellis:
4/7 - 7:30 - Bogart in 'In a Lonely Place' (Nicholas Ray).
4/9 - 7:15 & 9:30 - Zabriskie Point' (Balloonion).
4/11 - 7:15 & 9:30 - 'The Birthday Party' (Pinter).
4/13 - 7:30 - 'Dinner at Eight' (w/ Jean Harlow & va va voom).
4/14 - 7:30 - 'Two Weeks in Another Town' (Vincent Minnelli).
4/16 - 7:15 & 9:30 - 'Maidstone' (Norman Mailor's new film. Ya pays ya moneys, ya takes your chances).
4/18 - 'The Bed Sitting Room' (Richard Lester). 'Deadly dull' -Seed.
4/20 - 7:30 - 'The Marrying Kind' w/ Judy Holliday. Dir. George Cukor.
Call 753-2898.

AMERICAN MOVIES - Tuesday on the U of I Circle Campus. FREE!! Rm 250, Behavioral Sciences Bldg, 1007 W. Harrison.

4/6 - 3:15 - 'The Big Sleep' (Bogart & Bacall, dir. Howard Hawks.
5:15 - 'Body & Soul' (John Garfield, dir. Robert Rossen).
4/13 - 3:15 - 'To Be or Not to Be' (Jack Benny and Carole Lombard in Ernst Lubitsch's blackish comedy). 'Surprisingly good' - Seed.
5:15 - 'The Philadelphia Story' (w/ C. Grant, K. Hepburn, and J. Stewart; dir. by George Cukor).
4/20 - 3:15 - 'Pick Up on South Street' (dir. by Samuel Fuller, who is a favorite of A. Sarris & friends. So, one way or the auteur...)
5:15 - 'Baby Face Nelson' w/ Mickey Rooney.
4/27 - 3:15 - 'Comanche Station' 'Even better than Apache Blue' Seed.
4/27 - 5:15 - 'She Wore a Yellow Ribbon' w/ John Wayne. Dir. by John Ford (Is it John Ford or John Huston who's supposed to be better than the other?).
More in May.

JATIRE - Technological Institute Auditorium, 2145 Sheridan, Evanston. 492-3277.

4/12 - 'A Nous La Liberte' 7:30.
4/19 - 'Miracle in Milan' 7:30
4/26 - 'Purlie Victorious' 7:30.

ROSARY COLLEGE FILM SERIES - at 7:30, in the college auditorium, 7900 W Division, River Forest. \$1. FO 9-6320.
4/23 - 'The Fearless Vampire Killers' (Roman Polansky, with Sharon Tate).

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY FOREIGN FILM FESTIVAL - Apr 19-23 at 5:45 to celebrate National Library Week. Auditorium, 2nd Floor, Randolph St. Entrance. CE 6-8922, ext 247.
4/19 'Extase' (Hedy Lamar in 1933 Czech film).
4/20 - 'Banditi A Orgoloso'.
4/21 - 'El Verdugo' (Anyone remember Elenor Verdugo?).
4/22 - 'Hiroshima, Mon Amour' (Resnais, Time, Memory, and radioactive sand).
4/23 - 'Woman in the Dunes'.

CUL DE SAC - Polansky, w/ Francois Dorleac. Apr 7 at 7:30, Galvin Mem. Hall, Mundelein College, 6363 N Sheridan \$1. :AM 2-8100, ext 232.

THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE!!! w/ Bogart. 'An all-time great' Seed. Apr 26, 7:30. St. Xavier College, McGuire Hall, 103rd & Central Park. 779-3300, ext. 231.

KUCHAR BROTHERS - Films from those boys from the Bronx. 'Pagan Rhapsody', 'Chronicles', 'Cycles', 'Hold Me When I'm Naked', and 'Tales of the Bronx'. Apr 15 at 7:30, 237 E Ontario, Museum of Contemporary Art.

NEW UNIVERSITY CONFERENCE PRESENTS - political films.
'Pravda' (Godard) & 'Quiet Mutiny' (GI's in Vietnam). at Alice's 950 Wrightwood 8 & 10 PM on Apr 6, at Quantrell Hall, U of C, Apr 8, 7:15 and 9:15.
'Laos' (banned in France). at Alices on Apr 20, 8 & 10 PM. at Quantrell Hall on Apr 22, 7:15 & 9:15.

'In the Year of the Pig' 'ay 6, Quantrell Hall, 7:15 & 9:15.

3-PENNY CINEMA, 2424 N Lincoln, 528 - 9126, Thru Apr 13 is Jean-Luc Godard's 'Two or Three Things I Know About Her', with Marina Vlady and Raoul Coutard's beautiful color photography. Also a heavy documentary - 'Interviews with My Lai Veterans' - filmed by Haskell Wexler & Jos. Strick.

MUSIC

ELTON JOHN is at the Auditorium on the 13 & 14 of Apr (all you Border Song fans). Tickets \$6.50 (yoiks) \$5.50 (wow) \$4.50 (jees) \$3.50 (a rip) by mail from Ticketron, 300 N. State and from their outlets.

ROCK-VAUDVILLE-CLASSIC ROCK at the Opera House on April 17, w/ Alice Cooper, the Stooges with Iggy. Will start at a time to be announced. Tickets at Ticketron.

THE BARBAROSSA, 1117 N. Dearborn, has folk music every Friday and Saturday. Sets at 10:30 & 12:30 Fri, 10:30, 12:30, and 2 am Sat. Apr. 9 & 10 Dee Dee Wright and Brian Gieler, Clint Sanders. April 16 & 17 DeeDee Wright and Brian Geiler. Also features a bar and chess playing. 944-8959 for info.

THE QUIET KNIGHT, Belmont and Sheffield, presents McIan-Forrest Stage Group every Monday night; weekend schedule unavailable, but Leo Kottke will be there sometime soon. Call 348-9509.

WISEFOOLS PUB, 2270 N. Lincoln. Wilderness Road band every Thursday. \$1 admission. 929-1510.

THE SHED COFFEEHOUSE, folk singers, speakers, Bryn Mawr Puppets. Thurs. & Fri. eves. 8-12 midnight. 1020 Bryn Mawr.

RENAISSANCE - a coffeehouse (mostly for high school kids) in Oak Park, behind the First Congregational Church, Lake & Kenilworth Sts. Oak Park. Fri 8-11 pm live music 50¢ Wed 7:30-10:30. Free.

B.B. KING, CURTIS MAYFIELD, THE LAST POETS at the Auditorium on Sat April 10. Tickets \$6.50(yoiks) \$5.50 (wow) \$4.50 (jees) \$3.50 (a rip) from Ticketron, 300 N. State and outlets.

THE RESURRECTION - a rock concert, that is, sponsored by the Park Forest Youth Commission(?) at Rich Central High School from 4-10 pm on Sunday, April 18. With If, McIan Forest, and Pure SMack. \$2 per person. Proceeds go to a Youth Center in Park Forest and to the Sun Times, an independent High School newspaper.

WILDERNESS ROAD, MOUNTAIN BUS, PONCHO PILOT, Chicago Extension Theatre on April 10, Staurday as Radio Free Chicago Kicks out the Jams at The Body Politic, 2261 N Lincoln. The fun starts at 7 pm. \$2. Money goes to help RFC get back on the air (that's happening soon, folks).

AESOP'S FABLES, a multimedia rock opera by Wm. Russo. 4 pm every Sat, 7 & 9 pm every Sunday at 3257 N Sheffield. Free.

SONGS FOR AN EASTER SUNDAY AFTERNOON featuring DeeDee Wright & Brian Gieler. With an Easter egg hunt & children's sing-a-long. For children under 10 at Old Town School of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage on April 11 at 2 pm.

JAZZ : Lee Morgan Quintet, Fri, Sat. Sun Apr 9=, 10, 11 9pm-2am. Freddie Hubbard, Fri, Sat, Sun Apr 16, 17 18, 9pm-2am. Elvin Jones, Fri, Sat, Sun Apr 23, 24, 25, 9pm - 2 am. Friday concerts are at Roberts Penthouse, 6622 So. King Drive (643-5000) - adults only. Saturdays at Safari Froom (2nd floor) 17 No. Pulaski Rd (638-8587) - adults only. Sundays at IWW Hall, 2440 N Lincoln Ave (LI 9 - 5045) All ages. Admission \$4 with student discounts.

BEGINNING BLUES HARMONICA WORKSHOP with Big Walter Horton on Sat. Apr 10 and Apr 17 at Old Town School of Folk Music. 1:30. Price \$8 for the two sessions. 525-7472. Class limited.

CLASSES

NAM - MYOHO = RENGE - KYO. Find true Buddhism and discover the powers of the universe. Nichiren Shoshu discussion meetings. Sat nites at 7 pm. 3944 W Lawrence Ave, 2nd floor. Walk in. For info, call 283-2057 or 463-7762.

WORKSHOPS ON US IMPERIALISM IN LATIN AMERICAN. Apr 13 - Puerto Rico: The Struggle for Independence. Apr 20 - Brazil. At McCormick Seminary Library Basement. Corner of Halsted, Fullerton & Lincoln.

ALICES SURVIVAL SCHOOL courses. At 950 W Wrightwood.
Tuesday - Psychodrama, 7 pm new members, 7:30 regular members.
Wednesdays - Open Mens Meetings 7 pm. Communal Living Workshop 8:30. Poetry Reading 10:30.
Thursdays - R.D. Laing discussion 6:30. Beg guitar - 6:30. Guitar workshop 7:30.
Saturdays - Free Schools Workshop at noon. 'Non-Polluting Power Gizoms' - call Howard 327-1673.

The Chicago Womens Liberation Union has a Liberation School at St Mary's Church, 23 E Van Buren. Each class will be held either one night a week or on Saturday mornings, for six weeks. The classes are open to any woman who registers and who gives \$2, if possible. Child care will be provided during the classes. If you are interested call the CWLU 927-1790

CREATIVE MARXISM: Alternative futures for America, Sundays at 4 pm and Tuesdays at 7:30. A seminar dealing with ecological and technological possibilities for America's future, and the relevance of Marxism. Call 348-7119 for location and further details.

LA DOLORES CENTER' 2150 N Halsted, sponsors community services for women including Womens History Workshops every Thursday at 8. The Womens Revolutionary Art Co-op meets every Wednesday at 7:30. It's based on the idea that anyone can be an artist and tries to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info, call 935-0324.

THE PEOPLES SCHOOL, 4409 N Sheridan, is having liberation classes, featuring courses in philosophy, music, the occult, photography, street medicine, earth class, Afro-American history, creative writing, etc. Mondays through Thursdays, and FREE. For further information, call 561-6737.

On-going classes in self-defense for women are being held on Thursdays, 6 - 7 at IWW hall, 2440 N Lincoln, and Saturdays 3-5, at Ida Noyes Hall, Univ of Chicago, 1212 E 59th Street.

Chinese Gung-Fu is an esoteric science of self-defense that aims to create a divine man and woman. Parkway Community Center, 500 E 67th St. Call John Thomas, 493-1306 for further info.

OTHER DOOR COFFEE HOUSE is at 656 W Berry, 2nd Unitarian Church.

CONT.



**COMMUNITY MEETINGS-EVERY
WEDNESDAY AT 7:30PM AT THE
IWW HALL, 2440 N. LINCOLN.**

Aid & Comfort

These organizations/services are all telephone emergency services that you can call for help with burn trips, legal hassles, medical aid, places to crash, or anything else legal.
Of course, if you're afraid of getting busted for any real reason, treat with caution.

CHANGES is a group of people in Hyde Park who want to help people who have problems — they provide someone to be with in times of trouble, a place to crash, referral to other places that can help with drug, draft, legal problems. They do not yet have a switchboard, but can be reached at the following numbers: Andi-363-5049, Tom/Mike-752-2707, Dan-PL 2-0505, Hilary-324-1469, Steve-324-3092.

DIRS—DRUG INFORMATION AND RESCUE SERVICE. Serves the north suburbs from Lake Forest. 24 hours on weekends, 6PM-midnight during the week. 295-2929.

EMERALD CITY DRUG ABUSE serves the Uptown area and is located at 1056 W. Lawrence. 878-6769 They deal specifically with drug problems but may be able to help with other problems. Thurs & Sun 4-11. Fri 4-2 & Sat 12-2.

HORIZON PROVISO HOT LINE is a telephone counseling and information service for the Proviso area. 345-3920 Fri thru Sun 5pm - 3am.

HOTLINE is a telephone counseling service available for the Oak Park and River Forest area. 848-2555 Fri-Sun 6pm-6am.

INNER TUBE— Mon-Thurs, 8-12PM. Fri-Sun 4-12PM. 777-0545/6.

KOOLAIDE—30 W. Chicago Av. 664-0505. 1pm-2am Mon-Thurs and 24 hours on weekends.

LOOKING GLASS—24 hours. Primarily for runaways. 334-2601. 1725 W. Wilson.

PUMP HOUSE HOT LINE serves the area of Mt Prospect, IL. They are a telephone counseling and referral service and can be reached at 259-7184 weekdays 1pm-1am and 24 hrs on weekends.

STUDENT DRUG COUNCIL (Northwestern University)—Evanston area. Mon-Thurs 7pm-2am. Open 24 hours a day on weekends. 866-9500. Switchboard also has info on drugs circulating in the Evanston area.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE BOOKSTORE, 3322 N. Halsted has a large number of Women's Liberation materials, as well as an assortment of used books. Hours are from 6:30 pm to 9:30pm weekdays and from 12 noon to 9pm weekends. 477-4373.

NEW FEMINIST BOOKSTORE at 1525 E. 53rd St., Room 503 sends out catalogues of books, buttons, stickers and pamphlets.

PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER—2154 N. Halsted has information, books, and newspapers from the Black Panther Party, Rising Up Angry, the Young Lords and other revolutionary organizations. The center needs office supplies, especially supplies for a Roneo mimeo machine, and a whole lot of mimeo paper. The phone is 549-8626.

RAPID TRANSIT THEATER is back on the street with plays relating to North American struggle and the struggle of our Latin American sisters and brothers. They are also interested in relating to community issues and invite suggestions for their mime and theater. Call 421-7589 if you'd like them to perform and help in the struggle.

TRIAD free-form radio. Space music and inter-cosmic raps weeknites from 8-12pm on 106FM. To make you smile and get you higher.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO will be back on the air April 15th bringing you an alternative to the so-called alternatives in radio. Their new hours will be Mon-Thurs 11:30 p.m.-2:30 a.m., Fri & Sun 11:30 p.m.-4:30 a.m. and Sun 10 p.m.-5 a.m. They're receiving their mail at the Seed until they get a permanent address and welcome criticisms and suggestions. They have been attending the Weds. nite community meetings.

WAKING MOUNTAIN WOMEN'S CULTURE RADIO SHOW on WHPK 88.3 FM. Mon 9:30.

VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisoners being held in the jails in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St. Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House and others. If you know of any organization, church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project call Rising Up Angry at 472-1791.

Organizations

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment and supplies, mimeos, paper and cars. The office is at 4233 S. Indiana. 924-6575.

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the old-genuine radical labor organization in the U.S. The office is at 2240 N. Lincoln Av., the phone is 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but needs a lot of work, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organizing. Meetings are the 1st Friday of every month.

LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER is at 2150 N. Halsted, and their phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups; self defense classes; a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open at various hours; call to check.

LADO—The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community of the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the Welfare Union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Go by the office at 2353 W. North Av. for further information.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS 1613 E. 53rd St., 752-7472, helps out free medical centers, provides instruction on street medical aid, and can provide medical presence at demonstrations.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics.

They also have an open men's meeting at the Survival School at Alice's on Wednesdays at 7pm. For more information call 728-4338 or 477-9771.

MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info call 689-2525.

NORTH SIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here. They are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantries and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you have what they need. 2507 N. Greenview.

RIISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak through-

These clinics are set up primarily to serve the community in which they operate. All of them are understaffed, overworked and broke. If you haven't got the money for a doctor, then call the clinic nearest to you for information. But if you CAN afford a doctor, then don't go to a clinic just because you want something for free. These centers are run to provide decent medical care for people who might not otherwise even SEE a doctor. Don't fuck them up, nobody needs freeloaders.

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open Mondays and Tuesdays 1:30-3:30 and Wednesdays from 6-10pm. Call 243-4844 for info on services.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the people's Church, 834 W. Armistage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Av. in the Lincoln Park area. For hours and services contact Alberto Chavira at 348-4091, and for information on how you can help keep the center in operation.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC, 405 Central Ave. in Northfield is a mental health clinic serving the northern suburbs of Chicago. Hours are 8am to 5pm Monday through Friday evenings and Saturdays are possible if you call first. It is NOT free, but the fees are according to ability to pay. 446-8910.

THE FRITZI ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living in the Lincoln Park and Lakeview areas. Hours are Mon and Wed from 6 to 9pm and Sat from 1-4. It provides medical care, checkups, shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid and nutrition. 348-8578. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help them out. The clinic can also use donations to go towards the purchase of medicine.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W. 16th St., \$22-3220. Donation of money and medical supplies are always welcome.

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4403 N. Sheridan Rd. 334-8957. It is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Mon, Tues and Thurs. Sat from 10-12 for children only. The center needs money to continue to operate - supplies and drugs cost plenty \$\$.

PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE—Women's Liberation Union, 929-1790 or 935-0364.

four colors with separations provided. 711 S. Dearborn., Rm. 543. 939-7672. Very reasonable.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community pretty cheap and pretty good. They can do four colors up to 17x22 inches, and they just got some new equipment so maybe they can do more. 1964 N. Bissell, the phone number is BITE - LSD (I kid you not).

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART CO-OP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all their lives and to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. Art Belongs To the People! 935-0364. Meetings are at LaDolores Center Wed at 7:30pm. 1250 N. Halsted.

Classes

LIBERATION SCHOOL FOR WOMEN is offering courses on Women's history, birth control, the radical women's movement, and many others. If you're interested in helping the school, call the Women's Liberation Union at 927-1790.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts - survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student developed curricula, ranging from creative writing to art to psychology to running a Saturday evening coffeehouse. They have been operating a student-run food coop as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4409 N. Sheridan.

A LEARNING & SURVIVAL CENTER put together by a bunch of people is currently being housed at Alice's Revisited 950 W. Wrightwood. See our Calendar for details and times.

Draft

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:

AFSC: 427-2533 by appointment.
CADRE: 664-6895
MCDC: 427-3350

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE—427-2533.

CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS: 519 W. North, 664-6895.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING: 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE

All Saints Church, 4550 N. Hermitage. LO 1-0111, 4pm to 6pm Thurs evenings.

Wellington Ave. Draft Counseling: Wellington Av. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642. Tues. 6:30-8pm, Sat. 10-10.

“My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue,
An everlasting vision of the everchanging view...”

Carole King



Tapestry hand-stitched by Carole King on Ode Records
Produced by Lou Adler Distributed by A&M Records and Tapes

The only way I can tell you about being a woman and being a lawyer is to talk about the things that have happened to me. I can describe those experiences, but I can't really know how they've messed up my head. How they've made me callous and mean, instead of warm, how they've made me close up, instead of remain open, how their chauvinism takes its toll.

I dig being a lawyer—that is, keeping folks from the clutches of the ruling class and its lackeys. I dig that part of it. I do not dig being everybody's favorite cupie doll in the courtroom. You find total chauvinism in the courts—from the judges, (99% men) their laws (sexist, and totally racist) to the appearance of the courtroom—wall to wall men. There's one courtroom in Chicago, Women's Court, where the men and women sit on separate sides of the courtroom. The sign on the wall reads: this is a divided courtroom. It's a world filled with men, who make no pretenses about their chauvinism and contempt for women.

SAIGON, 1984—South Vietnamese Army units last week crossed over the border into Nepal; the American Air Force provided crossing firepower. Word of the strike was delayed because of the current U.S. "news embargo" (formerly pronounced "cen-sor-ship").

There were no U.S. ground troops involved in the action, the Pentagon announced. Only 346 American deaths are reported.

I called the Pentagon today to inquire and spoke to Thirteen-Star General Irving Macho. Q: General Macho, could you tell me what the rationale was for the invasion?

M: Yes, of course. It's quite simple really. The entire operation is designed to protect our American boys still remaining in South Vietnam.

Q: But sir, that logic would seem to indicate that the fewer American boys there are in South Vietnam, the wider the war must spread.

M: Yeah, ain't it great? When the South Viet army invaded Laos, the Viet Cong became active in Thailand; and so, you'll remember, the South Viets invaded Thailand under our air cover. Then, when the Viet Cong moved into Burma, we attacked Burma, when they moved further north, we launched our temporary incursion into India and Pakistan. Now we've got those slant-eyed bastards wholed up in Nepal. If we're lucky, we can move them back into Tibet and China — them the real show can start!

Q: Your rationale does have a certain logic to it, general. Could you tell me how many American troops we still have in South Vietnam?

M: Three.

Q: You mean that we are presently fighting an air war in 36 Asian countries in order to protect the lives of only three American soldiers?

M: Well, there were four. But the fourth OD'd last night. But it's not too rough on the boys: we rotate them every year. They get bored at Con Son.

Q: Con Son? But that's a prison isn't it?

M: Exactly. You don't think any American soldier would stay in Vietnam voluntarily, do you? Our boys may be dumb but they're not stupid.

Q: What you're saying is that our present policy consists of holding our men hostage in South Vietnam!

M: Sure, but what else have we got to convince the American people that the Cambodian/Laotian/Thai/Burmese/Pakistani/Indian/Nepalese invasions are justified?

Q: I thought the POW's in North Vietnam were serving that function?

M: Well, yes, that was the campaign for the 1970's. But eventually there was too much exposure on the tube and the Pentagon's marketing experts decided to switch back to the "Soldiers in the South" campaign.

Q: To turn to another subject, general. There has been much discussion by various veterans groups of so-called "war crimes" carried out by Americans. What do you say to that?

M: Horserubbish! There can be no war crimes if we don't have any troops fighting. And the only four — excuse me, three — we have left in Vietnam are safely locked up.

Q: But what about air power? You drop tons of bombs on villages, napalm on children, pesticides and herbicides on the forest, anti-personnel bombs on civilians?

M: Official Pentagon policy is — and this is also the position of President Agnew — that as long as you can't see what you're doing from an airplane,

I went through a lot of changes once I noticed that the men ran it in the law, more than anywhere I'd ever been. Should I wear straight clothes, or hip ones, should I get a straight haircut, a wig, or set my hair? Should I talk louder, be more aggressive, act tougher, or flirt with the cop to guarantee his cooperativeness on the stand? (But I just want to be me... not a chance that would work). All these questions relate to men's expectations of women, the extent to which we absorb these expectations, and the attempt to fight creeping professionalism and chauvinism in ourselves. I don't want to talk louder, or become one bit more aggressive—that's their way. But if I don't talk louder the judge won't hear me, and if I'm not a lot more aggressive than makes me comfortable, then I might sit in that courtroom forever until my case gets called. Unsolved problems still.

It's their world (for now), they run it there, and they know it. The most uneducated, unhip, unpolitical, unanything male comes on like he's better—from clerks to judges, to lawyers, to clients, all up and down the line.

Law School: everybody stares, first off. . .hmm, look at her, who's that? Is she married? I was married, so nobody bothered talking to me for the first two weeks). The classes are filled with anti-feminist remarks (jokes, they call them). Everybody laughs, the women are invisible to them. Constitutional law class (talking about who can constitutionally become a president): The person doesn't have to be a lawyer, or even a college graduate, or even a high school graduate. . . could even be an ordinary housewife. Ha-Ha-Ha. (Who's lower, guys, than your own wives?) I walked out.

First Times in Court: Judge: Tell your boss you did a good job dear. (All women are secretaries, right Judge?) Another attorney in the courtroom: You do all right for a woman. (You do all right too, for an asshole chauvinist.) Judge: Can I see you in chambers for a moment? In chambers: Now, dear, I want to say you're going to make a fine young attorney. . .but you really should do something about your hair, it's so messy. (Everybody in America knows that plastic hair is better.)

it's justified and no airman need feel he's doing anything wrong. That's one of the great things about modern warfare! Q: One more question, Gen— M: I'm sorry, but I can't talk to you anymore. Something urgent's come up: the Viet Gooks have been forced out of Nepal into China. Our thermonuclear missiles will be launched any minute now. "Protective reaction," you know. Been nice talking to you, though.

—Bernard Weiner
Northwest Passage

your
honor,

I
object!

In my Office: May I see a lawyer? Yes. . . (Now I measure chauvinism by how long it takes the idiot to decide he might be talking to a lawyer already.)

More times in Court: Most criminal lawyers tip clerks to get their cases called. That's only half of what a woman has to pay—the rest is in sex. Getting felt up, letting every jerk hold your hand, or just letting the dumb ass hang out and flirt with you. Defendants in the courtroom: Hey, really like you to represent me, baby. (Zip up your pants, your cock is still showing—and my name ain't baby.) Nothing comes for free, it all gets paid for. Male attorneys ask favors from clerks cops, sheriffs. Not me, unless I'm prepared that day to put up with the usual bullshit—Will you go to the movies with me? But I didn't ask for your office phone number. No bullshit, no favor. Their world. Once I worked two weeks on a report for a man, and all he wanted—"the pleasure of my company", the report barely interested him. I cried after that one. Stepping up to the bench: I could appear representing the most messed over, dirtiest client in the world, and the judge would look to him, before looking to me, and say, Yes counsel?

What do you do? They're fucked up, their world is fucked up. Sometimes I get too angry (read hurt) to work well. What would it be like to be treated as a person, first, for once, and not as a cupie doll or a cunt with a law degree? Alternatives: tell each one to stick it in the wall, smile sweetly, walk away or cry. No answers yet. I'll keep you posted.

an hour
later,
you're
hungry again

MDDA DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS:

QUALITY CONTROL CENTRAL REPORTS AN ALARMING AMOUNT OF MEDIOCRE WEED IN CHICAGOLAND. . .

MARKET ANALYSIS STATISTICS SHOW A DROP IN ACID PRICES WHILE WEED SEEMS TO REMAIN STABLE

NEW PRODUCTIONS AND INNOVATIONS DIVISION REPORTS A DISCOVERY. . . A NEW DRUG "DALEY DOUBLE" (3 5 4 tetra-methal-pigatanic tartrate), extremely long lasting drug (20 years) that causes user to have an enormous God-complex.

WEED

KALI GANGI long shreaded tobacco looking weed. . . clean and extremely good. . . price unknown

NO SPUD SPECIALS THIS WEEK DUE TO EXCESSIVE HEAT

BLOND LEBANESE. . . brought back by popular demand. . . price has dropped to \$6 a gram and \$80 an ounce.

MDDA REMINDER: "A dirty lid when cleaned is not a lid"

DIRTY POUNDS AT \$135

VERY GOOD MEXICAN POUNDS AT \$150 (WESTSIDE)

KILOS (remember those?). . . good count (about 2½ lbs). . . righteously priced at \$210.00

ACID

SAN MESCALITO SPECIAL: organic mescaline. . . analysis reads "pure organic mescaline" . . . very large caps of brown powder. . . beware of imitations that come in smaller caps.

SUGAR CUBES. . . very clean hit of some good acid. . . \$2.00 a hit

midwest dope dealers assn bulletin: yellow blotter supply completely demolished

A midwestern chemist has brewed up a batch of blotters that have been rated as a very good imitation of those killer yellow blotters. . . color or price not known at present

PURPLE DOMES. . . extremely visual and lasts very long. . . \$2.50 a hit. speckled tabs. . . (southside) \$3.00. . . a little speedy

VERY FINE CRYSTALLINE M.D.A. . . . \$3.00 small clear caps

special thanks to:

Ex-Romilar kid (will have rap next issue)
Ruby Robitussin

— Dr. Epod Rx



The following information was received from the May Day Tribe, 1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Room 908, Washington, D.C. It's heavy.

Basically, what is planned is a massive traffic tie-up during the first week of May, in Washington. Kicking it off with a Festival May 1, and living and training in Rock Park in D.C. for the week prior to that.

Large groups who plan to go to Washington are encouraged to send a representative there in the next couple of weeks to talk with the May Day Tribe and get to know the city.

In the meantime, to free your soul after a long winter's hibernation, come to Opening Day in Lincoln Park next Sunday, April 11!

We've all been at those demonstrations where thousands of people stood around and waited for someone to tell them what to do. And we've all gone home and complained that the demonstration failed because of poor leadership. And we've all felt that it's a damn poor demonstration that can only boast a big body count for its accomplishments. And even worse, we've felt like one of the 'cast of thousands' in someone else's movie.

We've gone to demonstrations with attitudes that make such frustration inevitable. We've felt like sheep because we acted like sheep — a big flock of sheep, lost without a shepherd, because we didn't think for ourselves.

We've got to take the whole business of demonstrating opposition to this war a lot more seriously. We've got to plan more, discipline ourselves more, and organize ourselves more. Each and every person should do everything he or she can do to unite themselves with a small group of their compatriots and begin to work now at planning their participation in May Day. Each and every one of these small groups should develop their own targets, strategies, and tactics for May Day with other collectives in the region so that everyone doesn't have to wait around for orders from some movement generals. Let's free the imagination and creativity of the movement! Let's not bury it under the mass of our numbers, under the weight of our bureaucracy!

WASHINGTON, D.C. — The heart of the monster. A small city that has the ambition to be the capitol of the world. The nation that is governed from Washington comprises only 6% of humankind — but consumes and controls 62% of the world's resources. That wealth is not evenly, nor justly distributed among the 6%. The government in Washington exists to keep that situation pretty much the way it is — to deny, repress, destroy and co-opt any movement for change anywhere around the world. And so the bored bureaucrats shuffle papers here and guns rumble in Vietnam. Washington is the nerve center: tie up that center — even for a day — and the war machine will freak out.

PREPARING FOR MAYDAY : April 24—May 7

Algonquin Peace City

The first national implementation of the peace treaty will be planned in Rock Creek Park, an Indian woodlawn area of 1,754 acres about 4 miles long and 1 mile wide in Washington, D.C. Algonquin Indians were the first inhabitants in what was once an ancient mountain range. In late April, we'll settle again, along the drier ridges with the pignut and mockernut, hickory, white ash, black cherry, the yellow poplar and beech, being careful and loving of nature. Regions and constituent groups can set up living communities in one of the 70 odd picnic groves where there are tables, benches and usually a fireplace. People should bring their own tents, blankets, flashlights, transistor radio, rice and other foods, along with a cooking pot. And if bloodroot, fawnly, toothwort and spring beauty bloom doesn't turn you on, Mayday has secured housing for 22,000 people in churches, universities and private homes.

Arriving in Washington

To cut down on confusion and ecological injury to our peace city, cars should not be driven into Rock Creek Park. Some people may want to park on the edge of Washington and walk into the city. Others may want to drive into the downtown Washington area and take buses to their villages. Bus transportation between the Washington Monument Grounds and Algonquin Peace City will be provided at 11:00 a.m. and 6 p.m. every day by Mayday Motors. Detailed maps showing the village of every region in Algonquin Peace City will be available from information centers on the Monument Grounds. Any large group wanting to be listed on the map should call Mike Maslow in Washington (202-347-7613).



Get Familiar With the Park

It is in the interest of the government to provide us this park, for training in non-violence and to keep us out of the streets at night. Should police clear the park at any time during the two weeks, however, it will be necessary that we know the various exits in our area of encampment. There are 15 miles of trails through Algonquin Peace City that lead out.

Should extreme military conditions of martial law set in, a large farm outside of Washington is within a two hour walk and will be prepared for use of large numbers of people in any emergency. Maps showing the location of this farm will be distributed in Washington.

Mayday Means Organization

People should not relate to Mayday as individuals. It is important that everyone get together with four or five others whom they know and love and come to Mayday as a living, trusting collective.

When arriving in Algonquin Peace City, stop off at the giant, colored Bubbles held aloft with air. These are for information about medical, legal, housing and communication operations. A daily paper will be published and distributed in the city with all pertinent information for that day. Loud speakers will be set up in the City with regular reports of what is happening throughout the city that will include information from monitored army, Justice and police radio broadcasts.

Training and Organization

During the last days of April, from the 26th through the 30th, collectives will be visiting various government departments to talk with government employees about helping to implement the peace treaty through actions inside the agencies or striking. While lobbying, people should become thoroughly familiar with the downtown part of Washington where the major government buildings are located. During the people's lobbying, collectives should be coming together to form units up to 500 organized people. Meetings in the Park should begin so that when massive numbers of new people start arriving on Mayday, it is possible for them to join existing, organized groups who have given thought to the logistic problems they will face during the May 3rd rush hour time.

As much as possible, the tactics of any group should be known and accepted by all the people in the group before the action. Some people prefer to interrupt traffic by sitting down, locking arms and when faced with arrest, allowing themselves to be arrested. Others will avoid arrests and would disrupt traffic but leave when an arrest situation develops.

Mayday requires organization and training. Continuous sessions in logistics and non-violent, creative tactics beginning April 24 will be held in the Park. But problems will be greatly reduced if campus, commune, high school, women, gays, veterans, and regional organizations relating to May could begin now to organize demonstrators into collectives, choose targets and make general tactical commitments *before* coming to Washington.

Concentration vs. Dispersal of Disruptions

The People's Coalition has chosen one major focus for highway disruption on May 3 and 4. On the 3rd, the focus will be the roads leading into the Pentagon. On the 4th, the entrances of the Justice Department.

Mayday (Students and Youth for a People's Peace) has taken the view that each region should choose its own target, so as to disperse actions, creating a crisis for the government throughout the downtown government area, as well as the Pentagon, the CIA in Virginia, and places like the Atomic Energy Commission in Maryland. However, there is a danger of dispersing our actions over too wide an area, where only a few hundred people are prepared to carry out an action in an area, and the presence of police or troops can sufficiently intimidate them to prevent any action at all. We think there should be 5 to 10 *major* areas for massive non-violent action, including Shirley Highway in Virginia, George Washington Memorial Parkway, 14th Street Bridge, Dupont and Ward Circles, Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues between 15th Street and 4th Street and South Capital Street. Regions unable to send representatives to Washington before May are strongly encouraged to select one of these key areas, so that we strike some balance between dispersal and concentration of forces in Washington.

In Chicago, the Non-Violent Training and Action Center is conducting training sessions for people preparing to engage in non-violent civil disobedience in Washington. Contact them at 542 South Dearborn, Room 1403.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO
BENEFIT

APRIL 10

WILDERNESS ROAD

MOUNTAIN BUS
PONCHO PILOT

BODY POLITIC 2261 N. LINCOLN 7 P.M. DONATION \$2.00
BLIMPWORKS MOUNTAIN BUS SPEAKERS JENNIFER DOHRN PEOPLES PEACE

LINCOLN PARK
APRIL 11
1 P.M.
OPENING DAY CELEBRATION

